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Henry M. Bundrick

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Henry Marvin Benedict

A

MEMORIAL

OF

BREVET BRIGADIER GENERAL

LEWIS BENEDICT,

COLONEL OF 162D REGIMENT N. Y. V. I.,

WHO

FELL IN BATTLE AT PLEASANT HILL, LA.,

APRIL 9, 1864.

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"πόλεμος οὐδέν' ἄνδρ' ἐχὼν
ἀίρει πονηρὸν, ἀλλὰ τοὺς χρηστοὺς ἀεί."

"They perish not who die in Freedom's Cause,
Though from the bivouac or ensanguined field,
They pass away to join the glorious dead.
They live again in all their mighty deeds,
Their brave achievements make the notable
Events of time, and give development
To all the truer life of man on earth.
They are the glory of all history:
The ever-during monuments on which
Mankind engrave their lasting gratitude.
Those only are immortal in renown,
Who die in Freedom's holy cause."

MEMOIR.

Colonel Lewis Benedict,[1] the subject of this sketch, son of Lewis and Susan (Stafford) Benedict, was born in Albany, New York, September 2, 1817.

His early studies were prosecuted at Aurora, Cayuga County, New York; but his preparation for College was made, mainly, at the Albany Academy.

In 1834, he entered the Sophomore class of Williams College, and was graduated in 1837.

Thence he went into the office of the late John C. Spencer, in Canandaigua, and read Law.

In January, 1841, he was licensed, in Albany, as Attorney at Law; and, subsequently, was admitted as Counsellor in the State and Federal Courts.

In 1845, he was appointed City Attorney; and was re-appointed for a second term.

In 1847, he was appointed Judge Advocate General, on the staff of Governor John Young.

In 1848, he was elected Surrogate of the city and

[1] Afterwards Brevet Brigadier General.

county of Albany, for the term of four years,— his entire vote greatly exceeding the strength of his party.

In 1849, he received the appointment of Judge Advocate General, from Governor Hamilton Fish.

In 1852, and also in 1860, he was the candidate of the Whig party for the Recordership of the city, and shared the defeat of its nominees.

In 1854, he was appointed, by the Comptroller, one of a Board, consisting of three Commissioners, charged to ascertain and report concerning the pecuniary and other conditions of the several State Prisons; and, also, to devise laws for their better regulation and discipline. The results of the labors of this Commission are contained in a voluminous Report made to the Assembly in 1855.

In the fall of the year 1860, he was nominated by the Union men of his district for Member of Assembly, and elected; being the only Union candidate returned from the county at that time. This was the last public position, of a civil character, held by him.

Both the beginning and the end of his life develop the same characteristics,— great fondness for ease and recreative enjoyments, yet with ready power to subordinate such tastes, or repress them altogether, in obedience to the claims of any serious engagement.

As a boy, he was noted for his zeal and diligence in study, and not less for enterprise in play. The records of the Albany Academy attest his successes in competitive examinations; and it is well remembered, by many who shared in them, how, after sweeping the prizes of scholarship, he would resort to the playground, and exhibit equal superiority in those games and contests, which are alike the peril and delight of robust and ambitious boyhood.

His collegiate career resembled his academic,—it was successful to whatever degree he chose to make it. A classmate, now President of a College, describing him, says: "It is doing injustice to none of his classmates to say, that, in mind as in person, he had no superior among them all. His rank, as a scholar, was high; and he could have made it higher. His mind was quick and clear, and he learned with great facility. His critical power was unusual, and no one could detect the weak points of an argument, or the incorrect use of terms, sooner than he." He graduated with distinction, and, three years afterwards, was appointed to deliver the Master's Oration.

While a student of the Law, he maintained sufficient ardor of pursuit to enable him to acquire a knowledge of the elements of that science; but his taste for general literature was decided enough to save him from engrossment by studies purely professional. The un-

common facility with which he acquired knowledge, — the result of his quick perceptions and retentive memory, afforded him intervals to indulge this taste without neglecting his studies proper; and he therefore read much beside Law, and digested well what he did read. His habits of critical investigation, of collation and analysis, are indicated by marginal annotations and references contained in his books, and manifestly written as he read. Indices Rerum, Diaries and Memoranda remain, that show his reading to have been varied, extensive, and always careful. They reveal an acquaintance with authors and topics, and also preferences and prejudices in respect to both, that indicate clearly the knowledge he most prized, and in which he was farthest advanced. They exhibit a degree of intellectual power and acquirement, and such peculiar mental habitudes, as might have justified him in adopting Literature as a profession. It is, perhaps, well to say that not the slightest expression of fondness for the one chosen for him is recorded, in any form, anywhere; and, later in life, he did not scruple to say that it never was his choice.

At this time, the very atmosphere he breathed was charged with informing and refining influences. The intelligence, culture and social elegance that surprised and delighted De Tocqueville, and made Canandaigua, in his sight, the loveliest of American villages, were

in their most exuberant condition. In the midst of this affluence of opportunity he enjoyed advantages not common to all, who, even like himself, had ready access to the best circles of that refined society. The great man who directed his legal studies, regarded with much consideration the son of one of his most attached and influential friends; and, being himself one of the most courtly men of his day, he seemed scarcely less intent on training him as a gentleman than as a lawyer; and, with that view, admitted him freely to the social benefits and privileges of his own high position. Nor was this all. His wife, a woman distinguished for high intelligence and of a singularly generous and cheerful spirit, warmly seconded the kind designs of her husband, and received the young student almost upon the footing of a son; and rewarded his scarcely less than filial regard, by a supervision so tender and faithful, and counsels so wise and timely, that, if they had been dispensed by his own mother, they might have been accepted as a fulfilment of the duties of that relation. Here were presented, for his constant study and imitation, not only the models of elegance and propriety that held a permanent place in the niches of the household, but the further and inestimable advantages of familiar personal association with distinguished individuals, who, from all parts of the land and

from abroad, sought the charming hospitalities of that house.

On his admission to the Bar, Marcus T. Reynolds, then at the zenith of his professional fame and intellectual vigor, received him as his partner in the Law, and elevated him at once to a position in the practice, not attained so often perhaps as fairly earned. Other connections and associations concurred to make his entrance upon his professional career one of the most promising that could fall to the lot of a young practitioner.

His genial nature, cultivated intellect, fine presence and courteous manners, made him a welcome guest in society and soon encompassed him with friends; while the ease of his circumstances, a result not more of the liberality than of the pride of his father, enabled him to gratify the impulses of his generous spirit toward cherished companions, and to do service to scores with whom he had no other relations. His condition and prospects in life, perhaps enticed, as well as permitted him, to regard his profession as a system of intellectual exercise, rather than an instrumentality for the acquisition of wealth; and free from such restraint as a modification of the contrary idea might have imposed, his general course was eminently fitted to engender, and in point of fact, did engender, a responsive sentiment, called popularity;— a perilous

tribute to a questionable virtue, but one which it is scarcely in the nature of man to reject. The proprietor of the good will we are accustomed to describe by that term, if himself equal to much self-denial, is seldom suffered by friends, personal or political, to enjoy it without putting it to use; nor, is it likely to be otherwise so long as the manifold opportunities, presented by our form of polity, shall continue to tempt men to avail themselves of its advantages.

Predisposed by the constitution of his mind, and instructed by his professional studies, to adjust matters in controversy with strict regard to the principles that ought to control them, and with aims less personal than a judicious selfishness might have proposed, public questions possessed for him a peculiar attraction; partly because of their unselfish character, partly because of their intrinsic importance, and, sometimes, on account of the very doubts and obscurities that made them perplexing. His own right to some valuable thing, encumbered or denied, might have waited for vindication to some "more convenient season;" but the rights or franchises of a class, or, even of an individual, if not himself, were objects of prompt solicitude and attention. The circle in which he moved was much more occupied with matters of public concern than with its own private interests; and when he retired from that to the one that enclosed

his father's fireside, the same topics of conversation were still uppermost. Of his father this is not the place to speak, and this slight mention of him, which it seems impossible to avoid, is altogether unsatisfactory; because the occasion forbids even a limited attempt to do justice to his character and services. He was, however, a remarkable man. Rejecting official distinction for himself through a long life, he was, nevertheless, the intimate friend and counsellor of such as enjoyed it under the auspices of the party to which he was attached. There was no high council of the party held during a generation, in which the voice of Lewis Benedict was not heard and his power not felt. His strong common sense, indomitable will and irrepressible energy were conspicuous in every political conflict, and when the event was decided, whether favorably or unfavorably, he was constant to moderate the triumphs of the party under victory, or save it from despair in defeat. He devoted his time, means and services, without intermission or compensation, from early manhood to old age, to eliminating and diffusing, by the agencies of his political party, those great principles, which, after many processes of purification and amendment, have come to constitute the creed of the Union party of the country. His habitudes and example may have had some influence in attracting the attention of his son to matters of

this character,— certainly there was nothing in them fitted to repel it. The son sat at the feet of a political Gamaliel from his youth up.

An event of no public concern, but of very great interest in respect to himself, happening almost simultaneously with his entrance upon the practice of the Law, had much to do with relaxing whatever hold his profession had upon him, and modifying the uses to which he had proposed to put his life. One object, perhaps the chief, for the sake of which he had been assiduous in study and was now prepared to strive, suddenly withdrew its animating influence. In the absence of that, all remaining incentives appeared to his distempered vision less worthy than they were, and they finally proved inadequate to rouse him to exertion. Added to the preëxisting bias, this was decisive, and quickly transformed him into an actor in scenes, of which, under other circumstances, he might have been content to be only an interested spectator. He entered, without hesitation or reluctance, that arena over whose portals may well be written,— Let all who enter here leave patient study, calm thought and quiet elevation, behind.

The City Attorneyship, which he held for two terms, was the first political appointment that he received. From that time, however, he was actively and earnestly a political partisan, and appeared less

and less in the Forum, and more and more in the Committee room and upon the Hustings. The tersest record of his political labors would be the history of every party struggle, State or National, that occurred from his entrance into political life until he joined the Army. He was always a leader. He was often Delegate to Conventions, State and County, Chairman of Committees, general and local, a prolific author of Addresses and Resolutions and a frequent Speaker at political assemblages. Ardent as he was in his own convictions and prone to yield to impulses, yet, in crises of importance, he was equal to the highest self-control, and adroit in curbing in others the very impatience that was consuming himself.

He was acute in his perception of the qualities of men, and accurate in his estimates of moral worth. It is a matter of no small interest to read, now, the memorials that exist of his early distrust of the integrity and patriotism of some, who are infamous to-day on account of the apostasy he dreaded and predicted.

In this department of effort he was not without occasional personal successes; although the general fortune of his party, in his district, may be said to have been adverse. Even when defeated, he commonly had the recompense, if such it can be considered, of appearing, by the election returns, to have received

more than the vote of the party that nominated him. Some political adversaries paid him that compliment when not defeated,— especially was this the case, when he was elected Surrogate. In his various public services he manifested capabilities which provoke regret that they were not also used for purposes of a less general character. For some reason, the judicial function of the Surrogate is not generally appreciated,— certainly it is little spoken of,— yet there is no jurisdiction within which more complex or nice questions present themselves for adjudication; to say nothing of the enormous pecuniary interests, and the multitudinous personal rights, which are involved. The clearness of his mind and the equity of his convictions receive some illustration from the circumstance that, of the many judgments pronounced by him, during the considerable term through which he held the office in question, but one, and that made in his noviciate, is known to have been reversed by any appellate tribunal.

It can hardly be necessary to say that the principles and purposes for which he contended through life, were essentially the same as those in defense of which he died. He never wavered in his devotion to the great cause of liberty and justice, especially in its bearing upon his own countrymen. Descended, as he was, from Puritans who planted Liberty on this

continent, from Patriots who subsequently achieved American Independence, and the son of one of the most energetic and persistent of the founders of a party, organized to preserve both, when both were threatened, his life was the natural result of his instincts, and his death attests the sincerity of his convictions and unselfishness of his patriotism.

He was early convinced that the Slaveholders meant war, and prepared his mind for that issue. He also regarded all attempts to conciliate them as very much worse than futile, and addressed himself to persuading others not to rely on efforts in that direction. Early in December, 1860, writing to a friend connected with the Government, he said: "The feeling here is that one concession would but pave the way for another, until, without saving the Union, public sentiment would be demoralized." This he believed with the earnestness of a deep conviction, and on all occasions spoke and acted in the faith of it. As the Rebellion became systematized and aggressive, the spirit of resistance rose within him, and he toiled hard to arouse his fellow citizens to a sense of the existing necessity to provide for the public defense by suitable military preparation. The then Adjutant General of the State, John Meredith Read Jr., bears testimony to the cordiality and energy with which he seconded the efforts of the State Administration

to induce the Legislature to put the State on a war footing immediately upon its assembling. General Read writes: "——Early in the month of January, 1861, when Governor Morgan, with wise forethought, was endeavoring to impress upon the Legislature the immediate necessity of placing the State of New York on a war footing, GENERAL BENEDICT was found ready to urge, with all the force of his natural eloquence, the arming of the State to meet the impending crisis. He comprehended the importance of prompt action, and anticipated the coming conflict."

He not only believed that war could not be escaped, but he estimated the dimensions of the struggle in a manner not common at that time; and, although he hailed with joy the call of the President for Volunteers, he did not conceal his disappointment at the meagreness of the number called for by the Proclamation. Writing, a few days after the issuing of that paper, he said: "The sentiment of the North is not satisfied by the present call for troops. The Government would be justified in demanding three hundred thousand, and the men would respond with delight. It is time we should exorcise from our breasts those gentle spirits, brotherly love and fraternal regard, and substitute implacable determination and stern justice in their place. * * * We have been wronged; insulted and betrayed, by false brethren,—the flag

of our Union disgraced and our true brethren slain." This was addressed to a member of the Administration.

Upon this call, Governor Morgan, by a special message, requested the action necessary on the part of the Legislature; and the Legislature responded by "An act to authorize the embodying and equipment of a Volunteer Militia, and to provide for the Public Defense," passed April 16, 1861. This Act authorized the enlistment of thirty thousand men, and appropriated three millions of dollars for that purpose. To the perfecting and passing of this measure COLONEL BENEDICT devoted all his energies. Loyal men abounded in the house, and many, as ardent as himself, labored as zealously to the same end — still a minority was there also, whose hostility to warlike preparation was active and skilful enough to tax severely the strength and resources of the friends of the opposite policy. In debate, a member interrupted him thus: "I wish to ask the gentleman a question,— If I imbrue my hands in my brother's blood, do I thereby promote the cause of Liberty?" Mr. BENEDICT: "I will answer that question. Yes, Sir! I do promote the cause of Liberty by slaying even my brother, if, with traitorous and parricidal hand, he dares to tear down the flag of our common country!"

It was largely through his instrumentality that the

selection and appointment of the officers of the organizations contemplated by the Act were directed to be made, according to Sec. II. Art. 11 of the Constitution,— the import of which was, that the force should have a voice in the choice of officers to command it. His motive to this action was both misunderstood and misrepresented at the time. Distrust of the Executive was not, on his part, an element of it. The fact was that gentlemen of the opposite party assured him that they would at once proceed to recruit regiments, if the men they might raise were allowed to nominate their own officers; and that they would not do so on any other condition. His object was to raise the troops in the shortest possible time, and this seemed to him fitted to promote that end. It will hardly be doubted, now, that it did promote it.

He had been a spectator of the return of the Volunteers from the Mexican War, and never forgot how forlorn was their condition, when, mustered out of service, they were abandoned, without means to leave the spot whereon they were discharged, far from the homes whence they had volunteered. That remembrance prompted him to offer an amendment, which was adopted, forbidding the discharge of Volunteers under the Act, elsewhere than in the counties wherein they had enlisted, "unless by his or their consent."

The action of the Legislature, however, did not

come up to his idea of the exigencies of the case. Many causes conspired to move his feelings deeply, and he was provoked to express them with less than his usual moderation. On the adjournment of the Legislature, he had written: "Had my advice been followed, we should now have ten thousand Volunteers to send to protect Washington; but we begin to be ashamed of our tardiness to respond to the demands of the General Government."

The attack on Fort Sumter had exasperated him sufficiently, but the slaughter of Union troops by the traitors of Baltimore, and the cutting off of communication with the National Capital, greatly increased his indignation. He chanced, at this juncture, to visit the State, whose hills and valleys could not be looked upon, nor its people communed with, by any lover of his country or of freedom, without having both his fervor and his courage increased by the recollection that its soil had been "drenched to a mire in the first and best blood of the Revolution;" as well as by the fact that its blood was again flowing,— the first shed in the cause of an imperilled Union. He wrote, April 25th, to a friend connected with the Government: "I am in New England for a short visit, and have imbibed the spirit of determined patriotism, which is breathing over every city, town and hamlet, within the borders of Massachusetts.

"There is much apprehension, growing out of contradictory reports, as to the movements of troops,—the strength at Washington and the fate of the Capital. * * *

"Order Wool to widen the streets of Baltimore, so that our road to the Capital will be free. Trust no Southern man who is a Unionist politician. They have played a game with our Peace Conferences, and have lulled the North to sleep, while the South perfected its traitorous designs.

"If the troops in Washington are beaten, the Administration had better resign; because you can have a million of men by calling for them. There is power here to *crush* out treason,—do not *peck* it to pieces."

While in the Legislature, it was intimated to him that the Colonelcy of one of the early regiments would probably fall to him, if the power to appoint were left with the Executive. For reasons already stated, he preferred another mode; but, under no circumstances, would he have accepted such a commission. In his own judgment, he was not sufficiently advanced in military science to qualify him to be a safe trustee of the lives of a thousand men. So strongly was he impressed with this idea, that, even when a Lieutenant Colonel in the service, he was induced by reason of it, to decline promotion, when actually tendered to him.

A previous connection with the City Cavalry inclined him to the opinion that, in that branch of the service, he would soonest attain to such a degree of proficiency as would best secure the object to which he aspired. For this purpose he applied to the Governor for the necessary authority to recruit a regiment of Cavalry. This application was denied, in deference to the opinion of Lieutenant General Scott, that no such force was needed; although it was notorious, at the time, that the public enemy might aptly enough, have been symbolized by a Centaur. Accepting the consequence that loyalty must walk while treason rode, and resolute in his determination to enter the service, he left Albany, in June, to prosecute a search for some position not above his military qualifications.

The New York Fire Department, having made some progress toward recruiting the 2nd Fire Zouaves, conferred upon him the Lieutenant Colonelcy of the proposed regiment. A series of untoward events obstructed the processes of organization, and produced dissension among the officers, and despondency, as well as ill feeling, among the men. In the midst of the complications, inevitable from complete antagonism of purposes and interests, because many agreed in esteeming and cherishing him, who could be brought to agree in nothing else, and as it seemed

favorable to a general pacification, he was strongly urged to take the Colonelcy. For the second time he denied himself promotion, on the avowed ground that his military education was not equal to the just demands of such a rank. About this time, in a letter to his father, he said: "I have followed your advice about study, or rather anticipated it; for, since my determination was formed to take an active part in the war, I have felt that one assuming any command incurs a grave responsibility. My reading, before I left home, was military to some extent, and I have occupied the intervals of duty in studying the Tactics adopted for our army. I trust I feel, to a proper extent, the impossibility of understanding any science without study of the authorities that teach it; and you may rest assured that, to the limit of my capacity, I shall master the business I am about to engage in. A chief difficulty among officers has been, I apprehend, a failure to acquire the respect and confidence of their men; attributable, perhaps, to frequent and protracted absences from camp, which has suggested to the men that they were not properly cared for. Having this idea, when I go to camp, I shall steadily remain there, giving all my leisure to study and appropriate reading." He not only redeemed this promise at this camp, but maintained the habit throughout his entire military service.

His declining to take this command, however, brought no alleviation of his labors, by transfer of them to a superior officer. He was busy, literally, night and day, in camp or at New York, striving to bring order out of confusion and compose strifes in relation to the regiment. By reason of its being involved in the troubles concerning the Sickles Brigade, Washington was frequently the theatre of severe exertion. It seems strange now, familiar as we are with bounties of a thousand dollars for an individual recruit, that one of the labors in the case was to induce the Government to accept the regiment. The intervention of the disaster at Bull Run increased his indignation, while it inflamed his zeal; and the alarm and depression in high quarters consequent upon it, notwithstanding the lofty speech and bearing of the people, and the unaccountable hesitation in the same quarters to accept troops, in presence of so manifest a need of them, presented contrasts that quite confounded him.

In contemplation of the departure of some New York regiments for the seat of war,— his own among the number,— July 23d, he wrote: "I trust that some courage will be communicated to our scared Administration, which has taken possession of the Telegraph lest the terror of Washington infect the country. What a mistake! The heart of the North is indeed

wounded by the disgrace of our fear-stricken army; but I know, by my own feelings, that it is emboldened by the crisis, and, less than ever, will blench from the contest."

With a more correct knowledge and wiser appreciation of the causes of that disaster, his views underwent some modification; at least so far as the responsibility of the rank and file was concerned; but with any thing but abatement in respect to his own class,— the officers. He said: "I have been mortified, not by our want of success,— for that may happen to the bravest of men; but at the fear which caused flight from no pursuer. The fault is not with the men; but it undoubtedly arose from want of a proper understanding of the respective duties of officers and men, and a general distrust among the rank and file of the capability of the officers. Now that the circumstances are correctly known, I can see that, 'out of the nettle, Danger, we shall pluck the flower, Safety.'

"This war has been regarded, hitherto, too much as a holiday affair, and many have rushed into it as they would have gone to a pic-nic. No man can fight with levity or indifference in his heart, certainly not to his utmost effectiveness. It impressed itself painfully on my mind, when in Washington, that our army had not the proper tone. Sternness should

take the place of a reckless frivolity, which seemed too prevalent.

"We need good officers. We have a fine army,—gallant, stout, hardy men, but undisciplined. With drill, they can only fail by being badly led. We have not much military knowledge, but plenty of brave ambitious men. God forgive a man who will vault his ignorance into a high command. This is not the occasion for self-sufficient men. They should cling to civil pursuits, where blunders do not cost human life. * * * I trust the right man will not much longer be excluded from the right place, and the wrong one retained there, lest the exercise of wisdom shall wound somebody's feelings.

"Above all, I hope that the necessities of the time will incline the Administration to accept with gratitude the reinforcements Patriotism is offering to the cause, and no longer afflict the sensibilities of willing men, by dispensing, as a favor, the liberty to fight for our institutions."

A question, prolific of contention, was whether the 2nd Fire Zouaves should retain their original independence of association, or become the 4th Regiment Excelsior Brigade, under General Daniel E. Sickles. There was another concerning the Colonelcy, which created much feeling and excited partisanship. With these pending, the regiment was ordered to Wash-

ington, where it arrived on the 24th of July. It was a month before the vexed questions, appertaining to it, were definitely settled. That concerning its disposition was decided by the General commanding, August 25th. In view of the premises, he decided that it justly belonged to the Excelsior Brigade, and ordered it to report to General Sickles. The War Department remitted the other for settlement to the commissioned officers of the regiment; and they, by a formal election, chose William R. Brewster, late Major of the 28th N. Y. S. M., to be its Colonel. They also reaffirmed their former choice of Lieutenant Colonel and Major.

Within four or five days after this, the regiment, having completed its equipment, was ordered to join its brigade, then at Good Hope, Maryland, forming part of Hooker's Division. It assisted in building the three forts, named, respectively, Carroll, Stanton and Greble, to command the approaches to Washington from the South. It was known as the 4th Excelsior Regiment, 2d Brigade, Hooker's Division; but later, in consequence of a failure to procure recognition as United States Volunteers, it acquiesced in being designated by the State of New York, and thenceforth was called the 73d Regiment New York Volunteer Infantry.

The winter was spent, mainly, in picket duty; having for its object the prevention of intercourse between the Rebels on that side, and their far more

insidious and dangerous friends and sympathizers on this side, of the Potomac, and also the protection of the navigation of that river. It was found necessary to change the locality of the camp frequently; always a task of severe labor to the unskilled soldiers, and generally of intense discomfort, owing to frequent rains and the effect produced by them upon the peculiar soil of the country. The roads were not only rendered impassable, but the surface generally would become so softened that, at times, there was hardly enough firm ground to permit drilling. Still, when that exercise was practicable, it was pursued with great industry; and, notwithstanding this and other disadvantages, the regiment improved rapidly.

Before the winter was over Colonel Benedict and the men came to know, and very accurately to estimate, each other. He spoke well of them, and kindly to them, and they strove to justify his commendations, and repaid his watchful regard by significant tokens of respect and gratitude. He wrote of them: "Our regiment never looked so well as it did to-day on inspection. I love it. Its wild boys are full of ardor and activity, and growing out of their careless ways. The prospect of active service has brightened them up, and they are becoming ambitious to look well. Contact and contrast with other troops will stimulate them to excel; and they can, if

they try, they have so much rude intelligence, until now, misdirected."

His knowledge of the most potential means to influence men,— the result of his almost intuitive perceptions and long experience in the use of such appliances on a more peaceful theatre,— served him efficiently in this new sphere of action. With a firm belief that the interests of the public service were identical with those of the regiment, he found it possible to indulge the humane impulses of his nature, while he executed the suggestions of his best judgment, and made more acceptable, while he strengthened, his naked military right to command, by investing it with appeals and claims to respect that were neither legal nor technical, but perhaps stronger than either. He earned the regard and confidence of the regiment, by kind and considerate treatment, and was rewarded by a certain alacrity and cheerfulness of obedience, which is commonly rendered to authority, when it is exercised without caprice or inhumanity. His first campaign was against the hearts of his own men, and the completeness of his conquest was demonstrated by daily incidents while he held his place in the regiment; and never more touchingly than on the last day, when some of his "wild boys" preferred to share the horrors of a Rebel prison with him, rather than leave him in his helplessness on the field of Williamsburg.

While he urged upon them sanitary regulations and habits of order and cleanliness in camp, and even used compulsion, when necessary, he recompensed voluntary and meritorious service in that direction by his public approval and incidental favors. He did not disdain to concern himself with their more trivial interests, and invited them to apply to him for aid and counsel; assuring all who thus applied of the sincerity of his proffers, by his prompt and willing attention to their requests. He spared neither entreaties nor expostulations to reclaim the vicious and intemperate, and commended to the profuse and improvident the duty of moderation and economy, endeavoring to allure all to better courses by offering his favor as a recompense, and never withholding it when it was deserved. In such as held those relations, he awakened remembrances of family and friends, and pleaded the claims of natural affection and duty with so much effect, that a very considerable part of their pay was remitted to distant fathers, mothers, wives and children, which, but for his interposition, would never have gone beyond the sutler. In the most reckless and degraded, hopeful that some spark of manhood might lie hidden in the ashes, he strove to kindle an idea of self-respect, by demonstrating to their incredulity, that, to him at least, they were still objects worthy of care and encouragement, and, by

suitable means, he fortified and increased the sentiment in such as were not altogether without it. A striking exemplification of the nature of the impression his deportment made on the men, is afforded by that of a *sobriquet* they bestowed upon him. The appellation, neither euphonious nor elegant, and perhaps somewhat rude, was, nevertheless, deferential and affectionate, and incapable of being misunderstood, seeing it is void of more than one meaning, though it warmly expresses that,—that the care and protection it implied and confessed was fatherly in its character. The custom of soldiers thus to mark their appreciation of the officers who command them, is too common to make this an exceptional occurrence; and it happens frequently that a truer idea of the character of a commander is furnished by such a testimonial than by his eulogist or biographer. One of the men, writing from his camp, after paying a well-merited tribute to the soldierly character of Colonel Brewster, says of the Lieutenant Colonel: "His kindness to the men has often been proved and in various ways, and he seems to devote his whole time to devising means to facilitate their comfort and make them perfect in discipline." So much vigilant kindness, beside its moral results, produced some of another character, perhaps as remarkable as they were beneficial. The regimental hospital, for the most part, was tenantless,

during the winter, and not a man was lost by sickness; while other camps, standing on the same soil and covered by the same sky, were scourged by disease and dotted their cemeteries with graves.

His views and practice on most points, whether of discipline or camp economy, were in full harmony with those of his commanding officer; and it was well for the regiment that these wholesome moral and sanitary measures, involving sometimes unwelcome restraints, came to it under a knowledge that they were approved by both. Colonel Brewster, on receiving intelligence of his death, said: "His influence and exertions were always given to elevate the tone and standard of the volunteer service in camp."

As the Winter waned, the efficiency of the regiment increased; and when the Spring came, it was attended by rumors as welcome as its blossoms. They ran, that the time of service was at hand. The condition of the "wild boys" filled him with hope and confidence. He wrote: "The regiment, I think, will never run, and the men are smart enough in mind and body to make a good fight." The rumors, however, were not consistent, and he was often perplexed by their diversity. His letters at this period show that he meditated much upon the causes and objects of the war, and, also, analyzed carefully his own motives in taking part in it. "It is also said," he

wrote, "that we will be sent to reinforce Burnside, which will suit me, if he is to advance toward Richmond. If, however, he is to penetrate North Carolina, I do not so much desire to be with him, for I have some reason to believe that State not wholly *Secesh;* while I know the whole of Eastern Virginia is rotten with Rebellion, and filled with victims to human bondage; whose chains I might assist in breaking by faithful performance of my duty as a soldier. The hatred of oppression contends with love of country for mastery over me. I think, when I serve the one, in this war, I am entirely loyal to the other."

For some, and especially for one with whom, upon the close of the war, he proposed to unite himself in the tenderest of human relations, he had such words as these: "My joy would be unalloyed but the thoughts of your apprehensions detract from the pleasure with which I hail the prospect of being serviceable in striking down this Slavery Rebellion. * * * With the dear ones at home, sustained under this trial, I shall feel the blood stir heroically in my veins as I make my first essay in arms. * * Keep a brave heart. I feel firm as a rock, and am capable of dying for my country, if she needs my poor life."

It was not until April 5th, that the 73d left the shores of Maryland, embarking then on a steamer,

from which it was landed, on the 11th of the month, near the mouth of York river, Virginia. Hence it proceeded, with its Brigade, to take part in such operations of the siege of Yorktown as were committed to the charge of Heintzelman's Corps, which operations comprised a principal share of the entire labor of investment.

Though greatly fatigued and worn by severe picket and trench duty, the 73d was vivacious enough to be the first to plant its colors on the ramparts of Yorktown, on the morning of Sunday, May 4th, the enemy having evacuated the place during the previous night.

The surrender of this fortified place, without a struggle, was not expected; and, deeply impressed by the grave contingencies inevitable to the issue he anticipated, he wrote thus to his mother on the 2d of May: "I am pained to learn that so much apprehension for my safety is mingled with the gratification you feel at my being in a position to do service to my country. I know it is impossible for a mother to forget her son; but I would, if I could, inspire you with the pride I feel in devoting my life to the cause of Freedom and the Union. Thus far, though I have endeavored to do, so far as my frail nature would permit, my duty to man, I know I have not forgotten myself as I should, in many instances, have done; but, in the struggle soon to be inaugurated here, the

opportunity will be given me to furnish unmistakeable evidence that I am animated by the noblest sentiments; — that I can resign life, which I love, that my country may again enjoy the blessings of peace and the development of its beneficent principles of government. Politically acting, I have sought its weal; personally, my life belongs to it in its woe; so I view the result of the battle with complaçency. If I survive, as I hope I will, no fortune in future life can destroy my consciousness of having perilled life for right; and, if I fall, through all the grief you and our dear ones will feel, will breathe the consolation, that I was a soldier fighting in a just cause. Let that feeling, dear mother, console you, as it reconciles me to this war."

The retreating enemy made a stand at Williamsburg within the second line of works above Yorktown. The bastioned fort, Magruder, and thirteen other formidable earthworks, could only be approached through an *abatis* of felled trees, five hundred feet in breadth. Behind them, as was then supposed, two-thirds of the whole rebel army confronted the Union forces. At noon on Sunday, May 4th, Hooker's Division started in pursuit. The 2d Brigade marched about eight miles and bivouacked in the woods. It rained hard during the night, and by daylight the roads had become nearly impassable, and the men

drenched, weary, hungry and cold. At 6 A. M., Monday 5th, the rain still falling in torrents, the pursuit was resumed; and about 7½ A. M., the 1st and 3d Brigades encountered the enemy. The 2d Brigade (Excelsior) was posted in reserve; and the 1st and 3d Brigades having been forced back by overwhelming numbers, after some hours of hard fighting, it was ordered into action.

This is not the place or occasion to assume to decide the manifold controversies to which the origin and conduct of the battle of Williamsburg gave rise; but of facts, which appear clear through the smoke and dust of the contention, it may not be improper to record one or two. Hooker's Division was left, without support, from early morning until nearly nightfall, to contend with a vastly more numerous force, protected by formidable defences, while General Sumner was aware of the situation, and his corps of 30,000 men was lying supinely within hearing of the thunder of the unequal contest; the main body of the Army of the Potomac being all the while within four hours march of the same point, and the commanding General McClellan not arriving on the field until near the close of the battle. Hooker lost 1 in 6;—a loss proportionate to that of the Allied armies at the Alma,—the bloodiest battle in modern European history; and exceeding that of Wagram, the most fatal

of all the battles of Napoleon, which was 1 in 8. The Excelsior Brigade went into action with about 2400 men and lost 773,— about one half of the entire loss sustained by Hooker's Division.

Hooker's left was the point that the Rebel General in command, Joseph E. Johnston, especially desired to turn, and throughout the day it was vehemently and persistently assailed. It was also the point that Hooker, aware of its importance, determined should not be turned, and hence the desperateness of the fighting. The 73d and 74th New York, the last remaining regiments of the reserve, were moved up to reinforce the left. It was in the execution of this purpose that Lieutenant Colonel Benedict was taken prisoner. Colonel Brewster, of his regiment, wrote: "From the position in which I last saw him, which was upon the extreme left of the regiment, where we were driven back some time before the right and centre gave way, I think he must have been taken prisoner at that time. He was at the head of the line encouraging the men, driving up, with pistol in hand, those who seemed inclined to hang back, and acting in the bravest manner." A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from the field, said: "I have just returned from the spot where Lieutenant Colonel Benedict was taken. It is in the densest heart of the *abatis* and close in front

of the rifle pits. The bark of the trunks and branches of the trees are checquered white with musket bullets and grape. The idea prevailing in his regiment is that he got to the front, that a charge drove his men back, and he was captured for his exchangeable value instead of being killed." His own account, written from Libby Prison, was: "My horse was wounded early in the fight, though I rode him sometime afterward. After I dismounted, we made our way into the felled timber, and when our line was broken, I was taken prisoner."

A principal cause of his capture became known afterwards. While in Maryland his horse had fallen with him, seriously injuring his foot and ankle. He was unable to walk without support, when he went into action at Williamsburg, and the general judgment of his men was that he was unfit to take the hazards of the battle field. So long as his horse served his purposes of locomotion, he did pretty well; but the moment he dismounted, he was at great disadvantage. The *abatis* of felled timber through which he was aided to clamber, in order to reach the open field beyond, which was studded with rifle pits, was more than four hundred feet in breadth; and when he and his men were overwhelmed by the enemy, it presented an insurmountable barrier to his retreat. There is reason to believe that some who were cap-

tured with him, might have escaped, as others of their comrades did, but that they were unwilling to abandon the idol of their camp, when he was too lame to move without assistance. Such certainly was his own idea; for, a few days later, while in prison in Richmond, he contrived to get into the hands of those men, who were released on parole, a slip of paper containing these words: "Good-bye and good luck to the 73d New York Prisoners! It pleases me more to have you free than it would to be released myself; for I know, if it had not been for my helplessness, you would not be here. If you see any of our regiment, remember me to them. Good-bye and God bless you!"

From Williamsburg he was hurried to Richmond as rapidly as his condition permitted. On his way thither he was fortunate enough to be in the custody of humane and placable foes; who, in consideration of his inability to walk, suffered him to ride on horseback. The condition of affairs within the enemy's lines inspired him with the utmost confidence that he would be recaptured by Union troops before he could be transported to Richmond. On every side evidences abounded that the enemy felt himself utterly defeated, and was concerned about nothing so much as providing for his own retreat. His reasonable expectation was not, however, realized; and on the 9th he found himself, with many other Union officers,

in the Rebel Capital, shut up in a filthy pork-packing establishment, since recognized and cursed as the Libby Prison. Here he was first insulted and plundered.

A natural consequence of the physical exertions compelled by the exigencies of battle and capture was, that the injured limb became immoderately swollen, and the seat of excruciating pain. It was always a pleasant recollection to him, and it still abides with his friends, that in this condition he received much kindness and attention from his fellow prisoners, some of whom were well known to him, who seemed to forget their own misery in assiduous attempts to alleviate his. The value of their self-sacrifices will be better appreciated by recalling the circumstances under which they were offered. It would not be much to yield a window in most places,—it was much to do so in Libby. The then condition of that Bastile was thus described by another of its captives: "a foul den, formerly used as a pork-packing room, the floor covered with grease inches thick, saturated with salt, damp as a vault, the sun never entering; seventy men and officers closely packed; cooking, washing and every necessary duty performed in a space seventy by forty-two feet. No officer is allowed to leave the room on any pretence whatever; no papers allowed to be procured nor books to be

read; beneath us a stable occupied by the horses of the Rebel officers; above us, the stories are occupied by hundreds of Federal soldiers, the filth from the stories above poured down upon us in a foul mass; a suffocating stench constantly pervading the room; with scarcely room enough to move about in."

Under an expectation that the Union forces would take possession of the city, which the army of Treason felt constrained to abandon,—a deduction not only authorized by the military emergencies of the hour, but, in view of them, stamping any other with folly, the Rebel authorities, on the 15th of May, hurried the Union prisoners from this den to Salisbury, North Carolina. They were transported on uncovered platform cars, rudely fitted with rough board benches; forbidden to leave them for an instant for any purpose whatever, exposed at every point on the route, where there was rabble enough to deride and insult them, and although provided with starvation rations only, they were not allowed to eke them out by purchases at their own cost. The place, however, high among the hills, was found to be much more healthful, and the prison buildings vastly more commodious, than those of Richmond. A most welcome appurtenance to these structures was an enclosure of some ten or twelve acres, in which, under rather stringent regulations, the prisoners were allowed to take air and

exercise. Another grateful improvement upon the *régime* at Richmond was, that their Rebel custodians exhibited some decency of demeanor; and, although the fare was not only very scanty but of miserable quality, supplies could be obtained from without by the payment of extortionate prices.

Under date of June 28th, 1862, writing from this Prison, he said: "I have nothing agreeable to communicate, except that I continue in good health. Our hopes are raised on the slighest rumor or remotest incident, that we shall soon be parolled or exchanged; but we are constantly disappointed. This produces various effects upon those confined here. * * * I belong to another class, who, adopting the philosophy of Pope, take comfort in the belief that 'whatever is, is right.' I have the utmost reliance on our Government. Its capacity and energy have been exhibited in prosecuting the most remarkable campaign the world has ever seen, for valuable results and in extent of country passed over by our armies. I value myself too little to suppose that nothing has been done because I am left here a prisoner. I imagine the world may be moving and doing a very respectable stroke of business, though I am taking no part in it. I am far happier in such thoughts than I should be in nourishing the conceits of an exaggerated self-importance. When it suits the policy of our

rulers, and more important concerns do not absorb their time, I have hope that we, who are prisoners, may be released. * * * The towns-people have somewhat limited our market, by prohibiting the sale to us of certain articles they desire for their own consumption. All provisions are very high."

The recurrence of the Anniversary of our National Independence raised the patriotism of the prisoners to the pitch of enthusiasm. The Union War Prisoners' Association,— an organization created by the prisoners to regulate their internal concerns, prepared a *programme*, not unsuited to the most loyal and patriotic community in the Northern states. Major Gordon, C. S. A., commandant of the Prison, reviewed it and ordered some changes to be made. Lieutenant Colonel Benedict had been selected to deliver an Oration. Inferring its probable character, the Rebel censor interdicted the performance, and he read Washington's Farewell Address instead. The Star Spangled Banner and Hail Columbia were forbidden to be sung. The patriotic fervor of the caged patriots found vent in emphatic renderings of America, Pilgrim Fathers and the Marsellaise. Captain Cox, 1st Kentucky, delivered an Ode and Poem, both of much merit, and Captain J. T. Drew, 2nd Vermont, recited an original Poem, that will bear comparison with many delivered on that day under much more favorable auspices.

Lieutenant Colonel Benedict's toast on the occasion was significant and characteristic: "Exchange of prisoners—the burden of our thoughts, voices and hopes. May our Government, speedily, give man for man; but, never, a principle for any man." Games and races by the privates, for prizes offered by the officers, concluded a Celebration by no means unworthy of the day.

The bitterest element in the cup of his captivity touched his lips when it was nearly drained and about to pass from him. Just before his exchange, he learned that a heart, that had been grievously wrung by his imprisonment, was not to be soothed and cheered by his release. More than a month before the sorrowful intelligence penetrated his prison, his father, whom he reverenced as well as loved, had died.

Under a cartel he left Salisbury, *en route* for the Union lines, *via* Richmond. Writing home August 10th, the day before he left the Prison, he said: "My health is good, though my system is depleted by the fare and mode of life, so that I feel little vigor or energy. The prospect of liberty, I anticipate, will revive us all to a degree; and by the time I reach you, I hope to be a new man. We are, necessarily, in the dark as to the course Government will pursue in our cases; but suppose we will be granted a short leave of absence to refit ourselves for the war."

Arriving opposite Richmond, they were turned out on Belle Isle, and left to pass the night, as best they could, on the bare ground, without shelter of any sort. This exposure of debilitated and exhausted men to the damps and chills of the night entailed consequences not immediately apparent. Thence they were taken to the Libby Prison, well remembered by most of them for its filthiness and discomfort, but which was then, if possible, in even a more loathsome and pestilential condition than when they had been its inmates. The sick and wounded of our army, whose low state precluded them from the present benefits of exchange, lay there, with nothing between their tortured and languishing bodies and the reeking floor, without blankets or sheets, and some, without even a shirt to cover them, with no nourishment but the coarse prison rations, wretched in quality and wholly insufficient in quanity. This sorrowful sight so affected the exchanged officers, that they contributed money and divested themselves of blankets, overcoats and indeed all their surplus clothing, for the relief of their suffering countrymen.

It is equally gratifying and surprising to be able to state that, in so thoroughly depraved and brutalized a community as one must be in order to tolerate such treatment of prisoners of war, now and then a heart beat in unison with the ordinary charities of human

nature. But such pulsations were carefully concealed from the observation of the high civil and military authorities of the Confederacy and the dominant class of society. Personally, LIEUTENANT COLONEL BENEDICT incurred obligations, in the Rebel Capital, on account of sincere attempts to do him service. His friends remember with gratitude and respect, as he did while memory remained with him, some, whose names it would not be proper even now to disclose, who, at some risk to themselves, attempted in good faith, but to little effect, to solace his captivity and aid his return to his friends.

Under the impression that, in care of Federal authorities, shelterless nights, *in transitu* from Richmond to Washington, needed not to be provided against, he had devoted his last overcoat to the service of the sick and naked of the Libby Prison. He found himself, however, on a damp, misty night, on the open deck of a United States transport on the James river, with insufficient clothing, afraid to lie down, and too weak to stand up, but with no other place to lay his head. What wonder that he sunk down where he stood, and arose wet and shivering, to lie down again at no distant day, with that form of fever, that filled more hospitals and graves from the Army of the Potomac, than all the casualties of war combined. On the 20th of August, he reached Wash-

ington. The general effect of his Southern experience and observation upon his mind is quite apparent in some statements extracted from him by reporters and published at the time. "Colonel Benedict is eager, and in this he says he expresses the desire of all who came with him from Rebeldom, to get to work again. He will command a regiment, if he can get one; if not, he will resume his old position. He says, and in this, too, says that the others are with him, that the harshest measures toward the Rebels are the best. He spurns conciliation, and cries, 'War to the knife.'

"He believes in Emancipation as a means of crushing the Rebellion. The slaves, he says, are all our friends, show their friendship toward Union prisoners in all safe ways, and will be speedily heard from in response to an order of freedom. He would use the freedmen in all ways in which they can serve.

"The Confiscation and Emancipation Act is, in Colonel Benedict's judgment, the most terrible weapon the North has yet drawn. The Rebels wince at it, as it stands on the Statute Book, only executed in part as it is."

After reporting at the War Department, he received leave of absence for thirty days, to enable him to visit his friends, and on Saturday evening, August 23d, he reached Albany.

In anticipation of his coming, his townsmen had arranged to receive him in a manner adapted to assure him of their approbation of his conduct and sympathy with his sufferings, as well as their satisfaction at his return. The orator chosen for the occasion, the Hon. Lyman Tremain, was in waiting with a numerous array of friends, with words of welcome on his lips; but when he emerged from the car, tremulous and tottering, unable to stand without support, his appearance shocked the beholders, and put a sudden period to all the schemes for a formal reception. His long subjection to the malign influence of impure air and bad, as well as insufficient food, had, unquestionably, predisposed him to disease; but the exposure at Belle Isle and on the Government transport on the James, had put a match to the train that now reached the magazine. He was consuming with fever. He was instantly carried home, where it required skilful treatment and assiduous nursing to restore him to such a measure of health, as to enable him to execute his purpose to re-enter upon service at the earliest practicable moment.

During this confinement, Governor Morgan, in the kindest manner, tendered him the Colonelcy of the 162nd Regiment, N. Y. V. Infantry, then in process of being recruited. His resignation of the Lieutenant Colonelcy of the 73d New York was accepted, to

qualify him to receive this promotion; and his exchange was announced, officially, September 30, 1862.

On the 9th of September, though still quite infirm, he proceeded to New York, to supervise the concerns of the new regiment. This was the third of those raised under the patronage of the Commissioners of the Metropolitan Police. Its filling up was greatly impeded by the interferences and frauds of bounty brokers, and, scarcely less, by those of corrupt or incompetent United States Surgeons. It required an amount of personal labor and attention to overcome these manifold hindrances, that would have taxed his energies severely in his best estate; but, in the weak condition in which they met him, he narrowly escaped complete prostration.

By the latter part of October, his regiment had attained such proportions as entitled it to take the field; and for that purpose, on the 24th of that month, it was ordered to Washington. After spending some time in various camps in the vicinity of the city, he was directed to embark with it, at Alexandria, Virginia, for Fortress Monroe — the rendezvous of the forces assembled for what is commonly called the Banks Expedition.

Like most, who escaped being disabled for life by barbarous treatment in Rebel prisons, and retained vigor enough to fight again, and especially such as

were sufficiently intelligent to despise the false pretence, rife on both sides of the line as by concert, that subordinates, and not the controlling civil and military officers of the Confederacy, were responsible for those brutalities, he was impatient to take the field. The prospect of evading the annual embargo on military operations, imposed by the winter of the North, was eminently a pleasant one.

Writing from Hampton Roads, he said: "I am happy, both for my men and myself, that we are going to the South; where Winter will not lock up patriotic effort in ice nor drown it in mud, and we will be able to strike freely, knowing that we are smiting foes."

To a brother, he wrote: "I shall merit a good fate, if earnest endeavors will secure it; at any rate, I will always be consoled by knowing that warm hearts will exult in my honorable efforts, and mourn if I fall doing my duty.

"While I believe I am engaged in a sacred war for moral, political and religious right, and am certain it will be prosecuted to the bitter end,— to the subjugation of Secession,— I will be confident and fearless; but if the time come when compromise is tolerated, expect me home. I will never support a war which is to end in any event except the establishment, in its entirety, of the authority of the Government. My

life, and that includes all, is at the service of the Union; but not one hair of my head will be given, voluntarily, for any modification of it."

With four companies of his regiment he sailed from Hampton Roads, December 3d, on a transport, named the City of Bath; under sealed orders, not to be opened before approaching the mouths of the Mississippi. The voyage was rendered uncomfortable and perilous by heavy gales, in one of which the vessel was thrown on her beam ends, and did not right again in some hours, to the consternation of all on board. The water on board the ship was bad too, the water casks having previously served in the Pacific as oil casks. Refitting at Key West, and opening his orders at Ship Island, he learned his destination to be New Orleans, where he arrived December 15, 1862.

On reporting at Head Quarters, he was instructed to report to General T. W. Sherman, at Carrollton, six miles above the city proper, who ordered him to disembark his men at Camp Parapet, some two miles farther up, and assume command of the post, then garrisoned by several regiments and batteries.

On the 24th of December, after a season of extreme anxiety concerning their fate, he was joined by Lieutenant Colonel Blanchard, and the six other companies of his regiment who had sailed from Hampton Roads in company with himself; but as it turned out,

on a wretched and unsafe hulk called the George's Creek.

About the 10th of January, 1863, Colonel Benedict was ordered with his regiment to Donaldsonville, some sixty miles above New Orleans, to hold that place, while General Godfrey Weitzel, who had been lying at Thibodeaux, marched on Brashear City and other points on Bayou Têche; it being apprehended that the enemy, taking advantage of his absence in that quarter, might gain his rear; thus endangering him and our possession of the Mississippi river. He remained at Donaldsonville until the 25th, when, Weitzel having accomplished his purposes, the necessity to strengthen the regular garrison ceased, and he returned with his command to the Parapet.

His command at this post was his first service as an Acting Brigadier. The anomalous condition of affairs in the surrounding district, and the entire absence of civil or social authority, imposed on military commanders much besides professional duty. In so disturbed a state of society, military vigilance could not be relaxed even if the public enemy were not immediately at hand,—elements that needed watchful care were always present. Every day brought with it occasion for the exercise of sound judgment, moderation and presence of mind; for there was neither code nor precedent to prescribe or follow. He was fortunate

enough, in this difficult position, to satisfy his superiors, by his diligence in military matters, and by his discretion in such affairs as were rather civil and administrative in character.

On the 2d of February, he was ordered to turn over this command to Brig. General Neal Dow; and to put his own regiment into quarters at Camp Mansfield, half a mile from Carrollton. Here the regiment was brigaded with the 16th New Hampshire, 110th New York, and 4th Massachusetts; constituting the 1st Brigade 3d Division of the 19th Army Corps, under Brig. General Andrews. Having suffered acutely for some weeks in consequence of an ailment, to be relieved only by a difficult surgical operation, he obtained, on the 6th of March, leave of absence to go to the North in order to receive proper surgical treatment.

He arrived in New York on the 16th of March, and at once underwent the needed operation, and convalesced so rapidly that he re-embarked on the 23d of April, and rejoined his regiment on the 11th of May, at Alexandria, Louisiana. He had barely landed, however, and was receiving the congratulations of his friends, when he was knocked down by a frightened horse, and his leg so injured that he was obliged to return to the boat and remain on it, while it made a trip to Brashear City and returned.

This march to Alexandria was said to be a ruse, on the part of General Banks, to induce the Rebels to believe Shreveport was his objective point. On the 17th, the Army retraced its steps to Cheneyville, and thence made a forced march to Semmesport, on the Atchafalaya, about ten miles from the Red River. At this point Colonel Benedict came up with the Army and took command of the brigade. The troops moved up the Atchafalaya to its source, and the junction of the Red and Mississippi rivers, thence down the latter to Morganzia, where the Army crossed the river to Bayou Sara, ten miles above Port Hudson.

At Morganzia, May 23d, he was detached, with 110th New York, 2 companies of Cavalry and a section of the 6th Mass. Artillery, to occupy and hold an important position, directly opposite Port Hudson, called indifferently Hermitage or Fausse Point. Just here there is a bend in the river, and a swampy flat projects far into the stream, making the point: an insignificant hamlet, named Hermitage, is near, on the bank of Fausse river, from which the point obtains its name. From its relative position,—Port Hudson invested,—this locality would have been invaluable to the beleaguered garrison; furnishing a convenient avenue for retreat, if that were expedient, or for strengthening itself by communication with friends on the opposite side of the river, besides

offering a very eligible location for batteries. To prevent such or any uses of it by the Rebels was the duty he was set to perform. A signal station was discovered in the neighborhood and captured, with seven men of the Signal Corps of the enemy. By means of the Cavalry he swept the country in his rear, and kept it free from small hostile parties; at the same time, collecting information for use at Head-Quarters. His position was frequently shelled, but without serious effect, though some very narrow escapes were experienced.

Under orders he yielded this command to Colonel Sage of 110th New York, and proceeded to join his regiment before Port Hudson, arriving in his camp in the evening of June 13th. He was immediately put in command of the 175th New York, Colonel Bryan, the 28th Maine and 48th Mass.; which, together with his own regiment, 162nd New York, under Lieutenant Colonel Blanchard, constituted the 2nd Brigade of 2nd Division of the 19th Corps, under command of Brig. General Dwight. At 12 o'clock that night, orders were issued for an attack at day break by the entire line of investment. At 1 A. M. Colonel Benedict moved his brigade still farther to the left, opposite the lower sally-port of the enemy. On information, received from a deserter, that there was a straight and plain road to this sally-port, and

that the enemy's works were there quite practicable, General Dwight ordered the left to assault at that point. By some miscarriage, orders failed to reach the 28th Maine, and the brigade went into action with three regiments, numbering only 582 men.

The attack was commenced by the 1st Brigade, under Colonel Clark of 6th Michigan, which, in a few minutes, was thrown into disorder. General Dwight then ordered Colonel Benedict to advance his Brigade to the assistance of Colonel Clark; and to march to the attack "in column of companies." On reaching the open ground, which rose gently toward the enemy's works, upon which the column entered from a wood, under cover of which it had formed, it was met by a terrific fire of shot and shell; and a little farther on, it came under a crossfire of artillery that was almost insupportable. Still, he urged the column on, passing Clark's brigade, to the verge opposite the sally-port; only, however, to find himself confronted by a ravine between him and the enemy's works, made impassable by felled timber and exposed to a withering fire of all arms. He halted the column and ordered the men to seek cover; as retreat would have been absolute annihilation, while further advance was entirely impracticable. Coolly surveying the hostile works from the brink of the ravine, he retraced the perilous road; for, being with-

out an Aid for the purpose, he was compelled to report in person the critical situation of his command to General Dwight; who, recognizing the necessity, ordered the brigade to lie where it was until the shades of night might cover its withdrawal. After reporting, he rejoined his men; having gone and returned through a tornado of shot and shell, untouched.

The sufferings of that day will never be forgotten, by any who shared or witnessed them. From morning till night the men lay under a burning sun, exhausted by fatigue, maddened by thirst, and many agonized by wounds. The slightest manifestation of life made the exhibitor a target for a volley from the sharpshooters of the enemy, who crowded the works that crowned the field. The assault failed elsewhere, throughout the lines, as it did here; and, as might be expected from the character of the fighting, the casualties were numerous and severe. It was in this advance that the brave Colonel Bryan, of 175th New York, fell. The 162nd New York, Colonel Benedict's own regiment, which led the brigade, lost, in killed, wounded and missing, 51 out of 173 in action. Major James H. Bogart was among the killed.

At 7 P. M. the Brigade was withdrawn.

The calm bravery displayed by Colonel Benedict on this occasion excited the admiration of all who

witnessed it; and, partial as may be the pen that records this memorial of it, it is exceeded in strength of eulogy by many less interested commentators. An officer's letter, to a friend, said: "When about three hundred yards from the works I was struck. The pain was so intense I could not go on. I turned to my 2nd Lieutenant, as he came up to me, and said: 'Never mind me, Jack; for God's sake jump to the colors!' I do not recollect any thing more until I heard COLONEL BENEDICT say: 'Up men and forward!' I looked and saw the rear regiments lying flat to escape the fire, and COLONEL BENEDICT standing there, the shot striking all about him, and he never flinching. It was grand to see him. I wish I was of iron nerve as he is." Adjutant Meech of 26th Connecticut, writing to his friends, said: "I saw COLONEL BENEDICT standing just in front of me, when I was wounded, on the edge of the ravine, looking intently at the Rebel works, while bullets and shells were flying about pretty thick. He walked to the rear as composedly as if out for a stroll."

Criticisms upon the point and manner of attack, suggested naturally by the incidents and event of this assault, are restrained; because considerable research has failed to discover that General Dwight ever made any report of them.

The following day, June 15th, General Banks,

called for 1000 volunteers to form a column to storm the enemy's works. Officers who might lead it were assured of promotion, and all, both officers and privates, were promised medals of commemoration, and that their names should "be placed in General Orders, on the Roll of Honor." High on this Roll would have appeared the name of Colonel Lewis Benedict. Colonel (now General) Birge, of Massachusetts, volunteered, and by virtue of seniority, was assigned to command the 1st Battalion of the Stormers. Colonel Benedict volunteered to lead the 2nd Battalion, and his offer was accepted. The fall of Vicksburg however, constrained the Rebel General Gardner to surrender Port Hudson; and so the Forlorn Hope lost the opportunity to illustrate its bravery and patriotism.

Springfield Landing, some four miles below Port Hudson, was the base of supplies for the investing army. The safety of these stores, upon which that of the army depended, became imperilled by the aggressions of Logan's Cavalry; and some small successes in the way of plundering and burning, it was apprehended, might invite serious attacks by larger bodies of the enemy. The 2nd Brigade having become reduced by casualities and details to a single battalion, Colonel Benedict was relieved of that command and ordered to the protection of this important depot, soon

after the battle of the 14th of June. He had just completed a parapet for that object, when the surrender of Port Hudson took place.

He was in attendance on the ceremonies of that surrender, and thus described some objects of peculiar interest to him, which the occasion gave him an opportunity to observe: "We entered the works by the road, over which we advanced to assault them on the 14th of June; and, as I rode along, I congratulated myself that our progress then had been checked, although the storm of grape and bullets cost my brigade the lives of more than a hundred of its best men, a Colonel, a Major and several other valuable officers. A glance at the ground showed that our assault must have been unsuccessful. The natural difficulties of the position were very great, and they had been augmented by the Rebels, with all they possessed of means or skill."

Soon after this, Colonel Benedict was detailed to serve on a succession of Courts-Martial convened in New Orleans. His professional acquirements and training made him a desirable member of tribunals of this character.

About the middle of August, while he was at New Orleans, General Banks had reorganized the army of the Department. The 162nd, 110th and 165th New York and 14th Maine, were constituted the 1st

Brigade, 3d Division of the 19th Army Corps, and Colonel Benedict was assigned to command it.

He reached his command, then at Bâton Rouge, September 1st, and on the following day was ordered to embark with it on the steamer North America. This craft had been built for the navigation of the Hudson River, and years before had been pronounced unsafe to run even in those placid waters. In the fitting out of the Banks Expedition, this old hulk had been imposed on the Government, and actually brought troops to the Gulf. By means of incessant pumping, she was kept afloat until New Orleans was reached, when Colonel Benedict, who had discovered in her an acquaintance of his boyhood, refused to proceed any farther in her. A survey was called, and she was condemned as unseaworthy; and soon after she sunk quietly at the dock. He then transferred his command to the steamship R. C. Winthrop; — one of the vessels of an expedition then preparing, the destination of which, however, was not made public at the time.

On the 4th of September the ship sailed for the place of rendezvous for the vessels of the expedition, which was off Berwick Bay, and made it apparent that Texas was the quarter in which it was to operate. The land forces consisted of the 19th Corps; and the transports were conveyed by a naval force, consisting

of four light draft gunboats, the Clifton, Arizona, Granite City and Sachem; the whole under command of Major General William B. Franklin. It turned out that the object of the expedition was to capture and occupy Sabine City, at the mouth of the river of that name. The entire fleet was directed to make Sabine Pass by midnight of the 7th, in order that the attack might be made early on the morning of the 8th. This, however, was not accomplished; for, owing to the absence of the blockading vessel which was relied upon to indicate the point, the fleet ran by in the night, and thus necessitated a change of both the time and manner of the attack, which finally took place towards evening on the 8th. The Pass proved to be sufficiently fortified, or was defended with audacity enough, to defy such demonstrations as were made on behalf of the Expedition; so that, after sacrificing two of the gunboats, the Clifton and Sachem, the most serviceable of all in view of the shallowness of the waters, the fleet returned to New Orleans, to the infinite disgust of the soldiers who expected to fight, and equally to the sorrow and disappointment of a multitude of prisoners and refugees, who sorely needed an opposite result. It was said that this bootless expedition was not favored by the most experienced officers in the Department, who preferred Brownsville as a base for ulterior operations.

Colonel Benedict shared in the general regret caused by such barrenness of creditable results from an enterprise which had inspired high hopes, founded largely on the tried bravery of the 19th Corps. The reaction, however, created in all, both officers and men, a burning desire to supplant the remembrances of the Sabine Pass failure, by other emotions excited by some important success. It was, therefore, with great satisfaction that, after spending four or five days in camp at Algiers, he received orders to march his Brigade to Brashear City, in order to participate in some operations in Western Louisiana. These operations were designed to favor another portion of the Army, sent to occupy Brownsville, on the Rio Grande, by compelling the Rebels to withdraw troops from Texas, to oppose the advance of this one. After an unimportant skirmish, near Carrion Crow Bayou, the 19th Corps moved to Vermillionville.

Here it was reported to Major General Franklin that the enemy was concentrating forces, at or near Carrion Crow Bayou; and, for the purpose of determining their numbers and position, he directed General A. L. Lee to make a reconnoissance, with all his available Cavalry. The Cavalry Division, comprising 2 Brigades of 800 each, started from Vermillionville for the Bayou in question, distant twelve miles due North, at 6.30 A. M., November 11th, and soon

commenced driving back the pickets of the enemy to their reserve of 600. A running fight then ensued, for some six or eight miles, ending in General Lee's charging them vigorously, and driving them in confusion into a dense wood. Nimm's Light Battery of Flying Artillery was quickly brought up, and, after it had shelled the woods, General Lee advanced his whole force, in line of battle, through the woods, and found the enemy drawn up, in like order, on the opposite side of a prairie about two miles broad, numbering, as nearly as could be estimated, some 7000. Seeing that he was outnumbered, four to one, and having accomplished the object of his reconnoissance, he ordered a retreat.

The enemy, detecting his intention, sent a large force to make a demonstration on his left flank, upon which he dispatched the 1st (Col. Lucas') Brigade to protect the left, while the General, in person, remained with the main column in the road.

Colonel Benedict had been ordered to advance his Brigade about a mile beyond Vermillion Bayou, and hold himself in readiness to support General Lee. After being in position an hour, he received a request from the General that he would move up the road. When he had proceeded about four miles, he was met by a message that General Lee was retreating before a superior enemy, accompanied by an order that he

should take a position where his force would be masked; that thus General Lee might have an opportunity to turn and make a dash at the enemy's Cavalry. Colonel Benedict selected for this purpose the east side of a prairie, about twelve hundred yards wide,—posting the men in the ditches,—Nimms' Battery in the rear of the left flank and Trull's in rear of the right,—a position in which his eight hundred and odd could withstand five thousand. General Lee retired behind this position to tempt the enemy into the open prairie; but he was too cautious and opened with his artillery. This was replied to with vigor, and for an hour the fire was active, the Rebels suffering severely. Then, failing in an attempt to outflank, they sought the cover of the fences and retired. Colonel Benedict's Brigade was so well protected that it had but 1 killed and 4 wounded.

On the 15th of November, the Army left Vermillionville, encamping for the night near Spanish Lake, and the next day marched to New Iberia, where it remained in quarters until the close of the year. Colonel Benedict's Brigade held the post of honor on the march, acting as rear guard of the army.

Though not attacked on the way, it was closely followed by the enemy, and had not become settled in quarters, when it was announced that Camp Pratt, its very place of encampment the night before, was

in the occupation of the enemy. A detachment was at once sent out, which surprised in their beds, and captured, more than 120 Rebels.

On the 2nd of January, 1864, he arrived at Franklin, Louisiana, where the Army was concentrated. Here was organized what is known, and generally deplored, as the Red River Expedition. Colonel Benedict was assigned to the command of the 3d Brigade of the 1st Division of the 19th Army Corps. Major General Franklin commanded the Corps; General Emory, the Division.

On the 15th of March, the Division moved to enter upon the Red River Campaign. Traversing the rich flats of Lower Louisiana, and skirmishing slightly on the way, it reached Alexandria,—a distance of 160 miles, on the 25th. The march was continued, on the 27th, to Natchitoches, where the Army encamped on the 31st, and awaited the arrival of the provision transports. General Banks and Commodore Porter, with his fleet, were at Grand Ecore, 4 miles above. A reconnoissance having ascertained with sufficient accuracy, as was thought, the strength and position of the enemy at and beyond Pleasant Hill, the entire Army marched from Natchitoches on the morning of the 6th of April. After an exhausting march through rain and mud, Colonel Benedict's Brigade arrived at Pleasant Hill on the evening of the 7th, and bivou-

acked;—the wagons not having come up. At 8 o'clock the next morning, the 8th, it resumed its march, and in the afternoon encamped, with the rest of the Division, at Carroll's Mill, about 11 miles northwest of Pleasant Hill.

The line of march is thus described by General Banks, in his official report: "General Lee, with the Cavalry Division, led the advance, followed by a detachment of two divisions of the 13th Corps, under General Ransom, 1st Division, 19th Corps, under General Emory, and a brigade of colored troops under the command of Colonel Dickey,—the whole under the immediate command of Major General Franklin."

General Banks further states: "The enemy offered no opposition to their march on the 6th. On the 7th the advance drove a small force to Pleasant Hill, and from there to Wilson's Farm, three miles beyond, where a sharp fight occurred with the enemy posted in a very strong position, from which they were driven with serious loss and pursued to St. Patrick's Bayou, near Carroll's Mill, about nine miles from Pleasant Hill, where our forces bivouacked for the night. We sustained in this action a loss of 14 men killed, 39 wounded, and 9 missing. We captured many prisoners, and the enemy sustained severe losses in killed and wounded. During the engagement, General Lee sent to General Franklin for re-enforce-

ments, and a brigade of Infantry was sent forward, but, the firing having ceased, it was withdrawn. The officers and men fought with great spirit in this affair. At daybreak on the 8th, General Lee, to whose support a brigade of the 13th Corps, under Colonel Landrum, had been sent by my order, advanced upon the enemy, drove him from his position on the opposite side of St. Patrick's Bayou, and pursued him to Sabine Cross Roads, about three miles from Mansfield. The advance was steady but slow, and the resistance of the enemy stubborn. He was only driven from his defensive positions on the road by artillery. At noon on the 8th, another brigade of the 13th Corps arrived at the Cross Roads, under Brig. Gen. Ransom, to relieve the First Brigade. The Infantry moved from Pleasant Hill at daybreak on the 8th, the head of the column halting at St. Patrick's Bayou, in order that the rear might come up. I passed General Franklin's Head-Quarters at 10 A. M., giving directions to close up the column as speedily as possible, and rode forward to ascertain the condition of affairs at the front, where I arrived between 1 and 2 o'clock. General Ransom arrived nearly at the same time, with the 2nd Brigade, 13th Corps, which was under his command at the action at the Cross Roads.

"I found the troops in line of battle, the skirmishers sharply engaged, the main body of the enemy posted

on the crest of a hill, in thick woods, on both sides of a road leading over the hill to Mansfield, on our line of march.

"It was apparent that the enemy was in much stronger force than at any previous point on the march, and, being confirmed in this opinion by General Franklin, immediately upon my arrival, I sent a statement of the facts and orders to hurry forward the Infantry with all possible dispatch, directing General Lee, at the same time, to hold his ground steadily, but not advance until re-enforcements should arrive. Our forces were for a long time stationary, with some skirmishing on the flanks. It soon became apparent that the entire force of the enemy was in our front. Several officers were sent to General Franklin to hurry forward the column. Skirmishing was incessant during the afternoon. At 4.30 P. M. the enemy made a general attack all along the lines, but with great vigor upon our right flank. It was resisted with resolute determination by our troops, but overpowering numbers compelled them, after resisting the successive charges of the enemy in front and on the flank, to fall back from their position to the woods in rear of the open field which they occupied, retreating in good order. The enemy pressed with great vigor upon the flanks as well as in front, for the purpose of getting to the rear, but were repulsed in this attempt by our Cavalry.

"At the line of woods a new position was assumed, supported by the 3d Division of the 13th Army Corps, under General Cameron, which reached this point about 5 P. M., and formed in line of battle under the direction of Major-General Franklin, who accompanied its advance. The enemy attacked this second line with great impetuosity and overpowering numbers, turning both flanks, and advancing heavily upon the centre. The assault was resisted with gallantry, but the troops, finding the enemy in the rear, were compelled to yield the ground and fall steadily back. The road was badly obstructed by the supply train of the Cavalry Division, which prevented the retreat of both men and artillery. We lost ten of the guns of Ransom's Division in consequence of the position of the train, which prevented their withdrawal. Repeated efforts were made to reform the troops and resist the advance of the enemy; but, though their progress was checked, it was without permanent success.

"Brig. Gen. W. H. Emory, commanding 1st Division, 19th Corps, had been early notified of the condition of affairs, and directed to advance as rapidly as possible, and form a line of battle in the strongest position he could select, to support the troops in retreat and check the advance of the enemy. The order to advance found him seven miles to the rear of the first battle ground. He assumed a position at Pleasant Grove,

about three miles from the cross roads, on the edge of the woods commanding an open field sloping to the front. The 161st New York Volunteers, Lieut.-Colonel Kinsey commanding, were deployed as skirmishers, and ordered to the foot of the hill, upon the crest of which the line was formed to cover the rear of the retreating forces, to check the pursuit of the enemy and give time for the formation of the troops.

"General Dwight, commanding 1st Brigade, formed his troops across the road upon which the enemy was moving, commanding the open field in front; the 3d Brigade, Colonel Benedict commanding, formed to the left, and the 2nd Brigade, General McMillan, in reserve. The line was scarcely formed when the 161st New York Volunteers were attacked and driven in. The right being threatened, a portion of McMillan's Brigade formed on the right of General Dwight. The fire of our troops was reserved until the enemy was at close quarters, when the whole line opened upon them with most destructive volleys of musketry. The action lasted an hour and a half. The enemy was repulsed with very great slaughter. During the fight, a determined effort was made to turn our left flank, which was defeated. Prisoners reported the loss of the enemy in officers and men to be very great. General Mouton was killed in the first onset. Their attack was made with great desperation, apparently

with the idea that the dispersion of our forces at this point would end the campaign, and, with the aid of the steadily falling river, leave the fleet of transports and gunboats in their hands, or compel their destruction. Nothing could surpass in impetuosity the assault of the enemy but the inflexible steadiness and valor of our troops. The 1st Division of the 19th Corps, by its great bravery in this action, saved the Army and Navy. But for this successful resistance to the attack of the enemy at Pleasant Grove, the renewed attack of the enemy with increased force could not have been successfully resisted at Pleasant Hill on the 9th of April. We occupied the battle grounds at night."

In this action the loss of 1st Division, in killed, wounded and missing, was 13 officers and 343 men.

To refer more particularly to the movements and services of COLONEL BENEDICT'S Brigade on this occasion, it may be stated that, at about 4.30 P. M., the men being engaged in cooking their rations, orders came to prepare to move forward; and very soon it commenced a march at double quick time toward Sabine Cross Roads, a distance of six miles, arriving at 6 P. M., at the point selected by General Emory to cover the retreat of our discomfited troops and check the advance of the enemy. As this point was approached, the Brigade made its way through a

confused rabble of cavalry men, infantry, artillery men and camp followers, commingled with horses, mules, wagons and ambulances, the whole giving token of the seriousness of the situation. Entering the field to the left of the wood, his Brigade was rapidly deployed in the following order: the 162nd New York on the right of the Brigade, resting upon the left of the 2nd Brigade, the 173d New York on the left of the 162nd, both regiments being on the crest of a hill, with a ravine in front, the enemy occupying a similar crest opposite. The 30th Maine was posted in the rear of 173d New York on its left, and a few rods in advance.

The Brigade was scarcely in position when it received the fire of the enemy; who, encouraged by previous success, came on, as if already the field was won. They were received, however, by such a fire as put their further advance out of the question, although they continued the attack, with great bravery and perseverance, at a fearful cost of life. The maintenance of his position by Emory was indispensable to the safety of the Army; of which emergency the enemy appeared to be as conscious as himself. Hence their desperate determination to turn his left, held by Colonel Benedict's Brigade. One desperate effort, made towards night, was so bloodily repulsed, that the Rebels not only recoiled, but fled, leaving their

dead and wounded where they fell. In this repulse the 162nd and 173d New York were mainly instrumental, and it closed the fighting at this point. Colonel Benedict was much commended for the effective manner in which he handled his brigade.

Gen. Banks, in his official report, says:

"From Pleasant Grove, where this action occurred, to Pleasant Hill, was fifteen miles. It was certain that the enemy, who was within reach of re-enforcements, would renew the attack in the morning, and it was wholly uncertain whether the command of General Smith could reach the position we held in season for a second engagement. For this reason the Army towards morning fell back to Pleasant Hill, General Emory covering the rear, burying the dead, bringing off the wounded and all the *materiel* of the Army.

"It arrived there at 8.30 on the morning of the 9th, effecting a junction with the forces of General Smith and the Colored Brigade under Colonel Dickey, which had reached that point the evening previous. Early on the 9th the troops were prepared for action, the movements of the enemy indicating that he was on our rear. A line of battle was formed in the following order:—1st Brigade, 19th Corps, on the right, resting on a ravine; 2nd Brigade in the centre, and 3d Brigade on the left. The centre was strength-

ened by a Brigade of General Smith's forces, whose main force was held in reserve. The enemy moved towards our right flank. The 2nd Brigade withdrew from the centre to the support of the 1st Brigade. The Brigade in support of the centre moved up into position, and another of General Smith's Brigades was posted to the extreme left position on the hill in *echelon* to the rear of the left main line. Light skirmishing occurred during the afternoon. Between 4 and 5 o'clock it increased in vigor, and about 5 P. M., when it appeared to have nearly ceased, the enemy drove in our skirmishers and attacked in force, his first onset being against the left. He advanced in two oblique lines extending well over towards the right of the 3d Brigade, 19th Corps. After a determined resistance, this part of the line gave way, and went slowly back to the reserves. The 1st and 2nd Brigades were soon enveloped in front, right and rear. By skilful movements of General Emory, the flank of the two Brigades, now bearing the brunt of the battle, were covered. The enemy pursued the Brigades, passing the left and centre, until he approached the reserves under General Smith, when he was met by a charge led by General Mower, and checked. The whole of the reserves were now ordered up, and in turn we drove the enemy, continuing the pursuit until night compelled us to halt."

General Emory, in his Official Report, says:

"On reaching Pleasant Hill, I went into line of battle, faced to the rear, in the following order: First, the 1st Brigade, General Dwight, commanding on the right, resting on a ravine which runs to the north of the town; Second, General McMillan, commanding 2nd Brigade; Third, Colonel Benedict, commanding 3d Brigade. General McMillan was posted in the edge of a wood, commanding an open field in front, and Benedict's Brigade in a ditch, his left resting in an open field.

"I sent word twice to request that Benedict's left might be supported by a Brigade placed in reserve or in line of battle.

"The 25th New York Battery was posted on the hill between the 1st and 2nd Brigades. The whole line was about one half a mile in advance of the town.

"After establishing my line, General McMillan was withdrawn and placed on the right and rear, as a reserve, and his place was supplied by a Brigade of General Smith's Division.

"My pickets were skirmishing, and the shots few and desultory through the day, and it was not supposed the enemy would attack. However, about 5.15 P. M. he emerged from the woods in all directions and in heavy columns, completely outflanked and overpowered my

left wing, composed of the 3d Brigade and a Brigade of Smith's command, which broke in some confusion and enabled the enemy to get temporary possession of 4 pieces of artillery of Battery "L," 1st U. S.

"My right stood firm and repulsed the enemy handsomely, and the left, I think, would have done so, but for the great interval between it and the troops to the left — leaving that flank entirely exposed — and the fall of the gallant leader of the 3d Brigade, COLONEL BENEDICT.

"I immediately ordered General McMillan's Brigade, from the right to the left, on the open space in the rear of the line of the 3d Brigade, and ordered him to charge the enemy.

"Behind this line most of the 3d Brigade rallied, some joining themselves to McMillan's Brigade, and some to General Smith's command; all moved forward together, and drove the enemy's right flank more than a mile and a quarter.

"Seeing their right wing driven in and thrown upon their left wing, they renewed their attack with vigor upon my right, but were repulsed with great slaughter; and, during the whole day, my right, which was in *echelon* in front of the rest of my line, held its ground against several determined assaults.

"Our loss this day was in killed, wounded and missing, 28 officers and 473 men."

Some details, exhibiting more particularly the service of the 3d Brigade in this action, are furnished by an official report of Colonel (now General) Francis Fessenden, then of the 30th Maine, who succeeded Colonel Benedict in the command of it. He says: "At 3.30 P. M., our cavalry skirmishers were driven in upon our left flank, through our infantry skirmishers. The skirmishers in the woods in front of the Brigade were strengthened, and the line of battle of the Brigade changed from its position in the skirts of the wood, to a position 300 yards to the rear, behind a deep ditch, the edges of which were overgrown with weeds and underbrush, which partially concealed the troops when lying down. The ground sloped towards the ditch from the woods and ascended again to the rear. The regiments were posted in the following order: 165th New York on the right of the Brigade; 173d New York on the right centre; 162nd New York, on the left centre; 30th Maine on the extreme left of the Brigade; the Brigade being on the left of the front line of battle. The right of the Brigade was near the woods on the right of the open ground, while the left of the line rested in open ground and was entirely uncovered. The companies of skirmishers were directed to remain in the woods. Shortly after 5 P. M., a company of colored soldiers, deployed as skirmishers between the skirmishers of the Brigade and those of

the 16th Corps, who were in line in *echelon* some 400 yards to our left rear, and in the woods beyond the slope in our rear, were driven in across the open ground on our left. Soon after, the skirmishers of the 3d Brigade in the woods were driven in, and had not yet joined their regiments, when the enemy appeared in the edge of the woods, in front and beyond the left of the line. They advanced rapidly, in two lines, obliquely, upon the left and across the front of the Brigade, extending towards the right. They advanced at a charging pace, delivering a very heavy fire as they advanced. Two companies of the 30th Maine deployed in the ditch, one in front of that regiment and the other between and in front of the 162nd and 173d, opened a sharp fire upon the enemy without checking them in the least. These companies fell back, one upon its own regiment, and the other, between the 162nd and 173d. The enemy charged swiftly down the slope, and commenced crossing the ditch, striking at some of the skirmishers with the butts of their muskets. So rapidly did they advance, that Lieutenant Colonel Blanchard, of the 162nd, who had gone in front of his regiment to the ditch, for the purpose of seeing the position of the enemy, had not time to place himself behind his regiment, before the brigade line commenced retiring in confusion. The regiments fell back, beginning with the 165th on the

right, the 162nd left centre, the 173d right centre, delivering their fire as they fell back." Though compelled by overwhelming numbers to fall back, the Brigade soon rallied upon General Smith's reserves, and, in conjunction with them, charged and drove the enemy to the low ground at the foot of the slope. Here, re-enforced by another line that advanced from the woods, the enemy attempted to reform, and delivered a fire that not only checked our advance, but to some extent reversed the movement. At this point the struggle was fearful and the slaughter very great, and success so ebbed and flowed that the event seemed doubtful. A movement by another line, the 2nd Brigade, 1st Division 19th Corps, which advanced on the right between General Smith's troops and Battery L, caused complete discomfiture to the enemy in that part of the field, and so aided the left that the Rebels were speedily driven over the open ground, through the woods beyond; the Brigade pursuing them some miles,— indeed until darkness stopped further pursuit.

Another New England man, an officer in one of the New York Regiments, thus describes the battle from another stand-point: "The enemy, finding a strong force on our right and centre, massed a heavy body of troops on the left, where our Division (1st) lay, and about 5 P. M. drove in our skirmishers. We imme-

diately lay down and waited for them to come out of the woods. Just as they got to the edge of them, they halted and gave a most hideous yell, such as Texans and Border ruffians alone can give; thinking that we would immediately fire and show our position. But in this they were much mistaken, for we lay still under cover of the bushes in the valley. At that moment our Artillery should have commenced firing, but it did not. Finding that we did not fire, they rushed out of the woods to the brow of the hill, and poured tremendous volleys upon us, at the same time rushing down the hill. Our Brigade poured several into them, but found them coming in such overwhelming force that we were obliged to fall back. The second line, seeing us coming back in such confusion, began to break, but the officers succeeded in preserving the line until a few volleys were fired, when it, and part of the third line, broke. The Artillery then commenced firing, and we rallied and immediately formed a new line. By this time most of the Rebels were out of the woods and rushing upon us pell-mell. Now it was our time to have something to say about it. * * * * Our massed column pressed on and drove the frightened Rebels two miles through the woods. In the mean time they opened on our right and found more than they expected there. They charged upon a Battery and took it, but to their sorrow, for our Infantry

opened upon them such a terrific cross fire that they fell like grass before the scythe, and what was left fell back. It was now so dark that it was impossible to distinguish one side from the other and the fighting eased. * * * If they had fired a little lower while we were lying in the valley, they would have killed or wounded one half of our Brigade." Another officer, a Captain, says: "While lying down, as we were ordered to do, whole volleys from the Rebel ranks, which came upon us five lines deep, yelling furiously, passed over us, as their aim was too high, and we could hear the bullets strike the knoll in our rear."

In Major General Franklin's letter, printed in the Appendix, he writes: "COLONEL BENEDICT came to my Head-Quarters about 12 M., on the 9th, to obtain permission from General Emory and myself to change the position of his line; indicating another, which, in his opinion, was stronger and safer. We agreed to the change and it was made." Some merits of the new position are developed by the preceding extracts; but a further, obvious advantage may be stated: the whole of the woods in front, and the slope from them to the ditch at the bottom, were left free and clear to be shelled by the Artillery, without the slightest peril to the Brigade lying in the bushes along the ditch; which indeed might have added its own fire to that of the Artillery. The silence of this Arm at so

critical a moment appears remarkable in the absence of any explanation of the fact; and it is not easy to resist the belief that a main advantage expected from the change of position was not realized.

The theatre of this battle may be described as a large open field that had once been cultivated, but was then overgrown with weeds and bushes, many of the latter the red rose of Louisiana. The moderately elevated centre of the field, from which the name Pleasant Hill comes, is merely a long mound or ridge, scarcely entitled to be called a hill, that, from its crown, descends gently to the ditch of which mention has been made. Beyond the ditch, an easy acclivity rises to a belt of timber which encloses it, semi-circularly, on the side toward Shreveport, and out of which the attacking forces came. The ditch, with its fringe of shrubbery, while it afforded some cover, presented little or no obstruction to the passage of troops. The front of the position, occupied by Colonel Benedict's Brigade, extended along this ditch. It was on the Pleasant Hill side of this shallow valley that the final and decisive fighting took place. On his way up, this locality had attracted the Colonel's attention, and he expressed a belief that there the Rebels would be fought; and when some dissent was expressed, it was afterwards remembered that he argued the probability almost with vehemence.

Whether this impression was merely the result of his military perception of the fitness of the place, or one of those shadows said to be sometimes projected by coming events, it is not worth while now to consider; but certain it is that he was doomed to illustrate in his own body the correctness of either his convictions or his apprehensions.

In the conflict on the slope, and perhaps in the *mêlée* of that critical moment when the reinforced enemy caused our line to hesitate and even to recoil, and the fortune of the day seemed doubtful; when, by almost superhuman efforts on the part of the officers, the men were rallied to that frantic charge which gave victory to the Union Arms and saved its Army, its Navy and its Jurisdiction in the Southwest, Colonel Benedict fell.

This at least is the opinion of those, who, from having seen him alive just before and his dead body just after, are best qualified to judge, but unwearied diligence has failed to find an eye witness of his fall. Colonel Fessenden, of 30th Maine, his successor in command of the Brigade, says: "I recollect that, just as the enemy emerged from the woods, I looked round and saw the Colonel sitting on his horse, on the brow of the slope, by the side of his Brigade Color. He was in full view of the whole attacking line of the enemy. The Brigade fell back over that slope and I

did not see him afterwards, but understood that he fell, somewhat in front of, and near the place where I last saw him." Lieutenant Colonel Blanchard, who commanded his regiment, 162nd, in the action, states: "I was engaged in rallying my men, when COLONEL BENEDICT rode up to me and gave me the following order: "Colonel, rally your men and advance as soon as possible," which was quickly done. These were the last words I had from him, and it was the last time I saw him alive. He rode quickly to the left of the line, and I advanced with the regiment." Lieutenant Wm. C. Hawes, also of his own regiment, concurs in opinion as to the time of his fall, and says further: "COLONEL BENEDICT was wounded in the right arm, and his horse was wounded also; but he still pressed on, and in a few moments was shot through the head and died instantly." Captain Samuel Cowdrey, likewise of his own regiment, referring to the same time, says: "At this time I did not see the Colonel; but from every account he was then killed, at the head of his Brigade, endeavoring to rally the men. I did not see him fall, but, soon after, I discovered him alone with an Orderly, his head resting against a stump, and the Brigade Flag a few feet from him; and saw that he, whom we all had learned to love and respect, was no more. In vain I tried to arouse him, hoping he might not yet be dead; but,

alas, he was gone. He was killed instantaneously, several bullets having pierced him." In point of fact, he had received five balls; one through each arm, one through the right leg above the knee, one through the left foot, and one through the head. The general impression was that he had fallen at the time and under the circumstances indicated; and this belief probably rested upon testimony that, to this hour, has eluded the search of his friends.

A most discordant result followed this decisive victory. A retreat, scarcely less precipitate than might have been enforced by a complete rout, was imposed on the victorious army. In the judgment of those who had the right to decide such questions, the general condition of affairs required this to be done. It was only by the prompt activity of Captain Cowdrey, one of his officers, that his body was rescued from the field, conveyed to a building, for the time appropriated to the uses of a hospital, and delivered to the Surgeon in charge. The transportation of the Division not being at hand, General Cameron, of the 13th Corps, on the application of Lieutenant John H. Van Wyck, of the deceased Colonel's Staff, kindly permitted it to be transported on one of his wagons, though having urgent need himself of all the facilities of the kind he possessed for the purposes of the retreat. Lieutenant Van Wyck

was detailed to deliver it to the family of Colonel Benedict, which duty he discharged with equal tenderness and fidelity.

In anticipation of its arrival, the Common Council of Albany had appointed a Committee of its members to receive the remains in New York, convey them to the city, and order the arrangements for their interment. In the discharge of this duty, the Committee returned with the body on Saturday, April 30th; and in deference to the wishes of his family, laid it in sorrow in his desolate home, rather than in state at the Capitol, as had been designed.

Its presence in that house dead, where his advent, living, had been so long hoped and prayed for, raised still higher the floodgates of anguish opened by the intelligence of his death. Some official expressions of the sympathy felt by the community in the grief of his family are recorded in the Appendix.

On Monday the 2nd of May, 1864, his shattered body, followed by sad hearts and weeping eyes, was removed from the dwelling of his mother to the house of the Lord; whence, after appropriate religious services and an eloquent Commemorative Address, with becoming civic and military honors and many *impromptu* manifestations of private regard and public respect, it was borne on its last earthly pilgrimage to the Albany Cemetery. And there, he was laid, for-

ever to rest, within the shadow of his father's monument; around him, "his martial cloak" covered with the dust of battle, rent by bullets and stiffened with his blood.

LINES

ON THE

DEATH OF COLONEL LEWIS BENEDICT.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

We laid him in his last and patriot rest;
Dark Death but couched him on Fame's living breast.
We twine the sorrowing cypress o'er his grave,
And let the star-bright banner loftier wave
At mention of his deeds! In manhood's prime,
Blossom the pinions waved by smiling Time.
He left life's warbling bowers for duty's path,
Where the fierce war-storm flashed its reddest wrath;
Path proud, though rough. Out rang the trumpet's blast:
"To arms, to arms! down to the dust is cast
The flag, the dear old flag, by treason's hand!"
And the deep thundering sound rolled onward through the land.

In the quick throngs of fiery life that rushed
To smite for native land, till wrong was crushed
And right stood planted firm upon its rock,
None rose more glad, none bore the battle shock
More brave;—at blood-stained Williamsburg he drew
First his good sword; his eagle daring flew
Into the storm so deep, it wrapt him round;
But, scorning still to yield, he strove, till bound
Fast by the grasp of the admiring foe,
Struggling, though in the toil, still striking blow on blow.

Pent in close prison walls — long, long black hours,
Yet the strong, skyward-pinioned spirit cowers
To naught; that steel-nerved will the loftier towers,
Treading the painful thorns like pleasant flowers.
Free once again, War's trumpet-clangors ring
The warrior to the birthplace of the Spring,
Where the stern Mississippi sea-like sweeps
To summer flowers, pine cones of wintry steeps.
Into Death's eyes again he fixed his gaze;
Lo, where Port Hudson's deadly batteries blaze,
Whose that tall form that towers when all lie low,
Brow to the sun and bosom to the foe?
Brow to the sun, his brave sword in his hand,
Pointing "There — up and onward, patriot band!"
Again! red batteries hurling awful hail
Like the fierce sleet that loads the thundering gale,
Ranks crushed beneath showered shot and shell, like grain
By that same sleet, across the heaped-up plain
Full in the fort's hot, gaping hell, he leads
His stormers; Slaughter drives his flashing steeds,
Trampling broad lanes amid the serried might,
But on, bathed deep in battle's awful light,
On that tall form, with lightnings all around;
Firm his proud step along the streaming ground,
Quaking with cannon-thunders; up his tread —
Up to the parapet, above his head
The starry flag borne by a hand that falls
Death-struck; he grasps the flag — the rebel walls
See the waved stars in that strong clutch, till back
The ebbing conflict drags him in its track.

Once more in other scenes he meets the foe.
O'ermatched, our columns stagger to their blow;
Vain on their squares bold Emory's files are hurled;
Backward the dashing cataract is whirled,

Splintered to spray; Oh, banner of the skies,
Flag of the rising constellations — dyes
Of dawn not sunset — shalt thou trail in dust?
Shall blind, dead darkness hide our blazing trust!
On, braves! but no — they pause — they reel — they break!
Now like some towering crag no storm can shake —
Like some tall pine that soars when all the wood
Bows to the winds — some rock amid the flood —
Our hero stands; he forms each tottering square.
Through them the blazing thunderbolts may tear,
But vain; — the bulwark stands, a living wall,
Between the foeman and that banner's fall.

Then, the dread last — oh, woful, woful day!
Ah, the dimmed glory of that trophied fray!
Ah, the fell shadow of that triumph's ray!
Hurling the foeman's might back, back, at last
Onward he sweeps — on, on, as sweeps the blast!
On through the keen, red, hissing air — ah, wo,
That ruthless fate should deal such cruel blow!
On, through the keen, red, hurtling air — but see
That form — it reels — it sinks! that heart, so free
To dare the battle-tempest's direst might,
Winged with the quick, fierce lightning of the fight,
And soaring through the victory's gladdening light,
Up to untroubled realms, hath passed in instant flight!
Death, where he fell, in roses red inurned[1]
His form — war's hue and love's — and they were turned
To laurels at the touch, and one green twine
From them the land hath wrought to deck the hero's shrine.

He fell in conflict's fiercest, wildest flame;
And now his loved and laurelled ashes claim
Our heartfelt sorrow! for among the brave,

[1] Colonel Benedict fell literally on a bed of crimson roses — the wild Louisiana rose.

None braver; and when battle left his eye,
None softer! Let the stricken Nation sigh
For such as he who perish by the way,
While up on crimson feet she toils to greet the day.

Ah, the bright hour he came, though weak and low
With prison languors! Cheerily on were borne
The merry clang of the bells; clang, clang, they rang!
Joy in our hearts in jocund music sprang!
And all shone pleasureful. One long, long toll,
One long, deep lingering sound that tells the goal
Of some spent life, then moans along the air
As sorrowing hands our hero's ashes bear
To lie in honored state. We saw his form
Sprinkled with blossoms breathing fresh and warm;
That form so still, so peaceful to our gaze,
That soared so grand amid the battle's blaze,
Scorning the shrieking shell, the whizzing ball,
Sleeping so still beneath his warrior-pall.

We bore him to his sylvan home; there flowers
Should o'er him smile; but chief, the oak, that towers
Unbent by blasts, and breaks but to the dart
Of the red bolt, from that heroic heart
Should spring; for, mid his kindly graces soared
A firm-knit will — a purpose strong, that warred
In deep disdain of Fortune's fitful breath,
And only bowed its rock-clutched strength to Death.
There shall he lie. When our new kindled sun
Shall dawn, his first rejoicing rays shall run
In gold o'er graves like his — Fame's gold — that Time
Shall brighten — and his monument sublime,
Oh seek it not in stone, but in piled hearts
That loved him! the carved marble soon departs,

But the heart's token, sent through ages down,
Warm in its living might, mocks Time's most withering frown.

Blessed is he who suffers;[1] and we know
A solemn joy, that one whose manhood's glow
Faded so soon, should die to mark how grand
Above all fleeting life, to die for Native Land.

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[1] *Benedictus qui patitur.* Motto of the Benedict Family.

APPENDIX.

EXPRESSIONS OF THE PUBLIC PRESS.

[*New Orleans Era.*]

Remains of Colonel Benedict.

The corpse of the brave Colonel Benedict is now in this city. Of the vast number of officers and men that fell in this terrible conflict, none will be more gratefully remembered by his country. He died like a hero at his post, while gallantly leading his Brigade against the enemy.

[*Buffalo Express.*]

Colonel Lewis Benedict, 162d N. Y.

In the list of the killed at the late battle on the Red River is the name of Lewis Benedict, a man widely known and well loved throughout this State — the second son of the late Lewis Benedict, Esq., of Albany. Colonel Benedict entered the army at the outbreak of the Rebellion, as Lieut. Col. in Sickles' Brigade. While leading his raw regiment, sword in hand, into its first fight at Williamsburg, he was taken prisoner, and underwent a long confinement in the horrible Libby Prison. After his liberation, he was appointed Colonel of the 162d N. Y.

Vols., and has since served in Louisiana. The death of this amiable, talented, brave man and patriotic soldier, will carry grief into an extensive family circle, of which he was the idol. No better or braver man has laid down his life for his country than the Albany boy, "Lew. Benedict." Peace to his ashes! He met the death he most coveted — fell fighting for freedom. Let the patriotic men of his native city rear a fitting monument to the memory of one of its most chivalric sons.

[*New York Tribune.*]

Colonel Benedict.

Among the good and true men whose lives have been freely given to save their country from disruption and overthrow, scarcely one has been or will be more justly or deeply deplored than Col. Lewis Benedict of Albany, who fell pierced with five bullets and lifeless while commanding and leading the left wing of the Union army at the battle of Pleasant Hill, Upper Louisiana, on the 9th inst. Col. Benedict was the son of the eminent merchant of like name recently deceased, after an active and influential career of half a century. His son, who inherited much of the father's eminent ability and positive, downright character, volunteered for the War soon after the Rebels fired on Fort Sumter — aiding to recruit and discipline the Sickles Brigade — and has ever since been in active service. He was wounded and taken prisoner in the "hottest forefront of the battle" at Williamsburg, two years ago. Transferred to the Gulf, he there evinced talent and energy that commended him to the favor of his Commanding General, so that, though ranking as a Colonel, he commanded a brigade when he met death in the

desperate but glorious battle of Pleasant Hill. It will somewhat console his many devoted friends to know that he did not fall till the sunlight of victory was gleaming on our charging columns, so that his last look of earth turned with pride as well as affection to the flag and the land for which, in his early prime, he joyfully laid down his life.

[*New York Commercial Advertiser.*]

OBITUARY.

Col. Lewis Benedict, 162d New York Volunteers.

The advices from New Orleans give a partial list of the killed and wounded in the battles in Western Louisiana. Among the best known names is that of Col. Lewis Benedict, of the 162d New York Volunteers.

Col. Benedict, who was a son of the late Lewis Benedict, of Albany, was born in 1817. He graduated at Williams College, and practised law in Albany. In 1861 he was a member of the Legislature, and in the Summer of that year entered the army as Lieut. Col. of the Fire Zouaves. At the battle of Williamsburg he was distinguished for bravery, and was taken prisoner. He entered that battle almost helpless from a sprained ankle, and leaning on the arm of an Orderly. A confinement of three months followed in the prison-house of Richmond and Salisbury, when he was finally exchanged, and was one of the officers that received an ovation in New York with Col. Corcoran.

In the Fall of 1862, Col. Benedict was appointed to the command of the 162d New York Volunteers, which went out with the Banks Expedition. In the battles of the Department of the Gulf Col. Benedict has been conspicuous, and he has always borne the reputation of a brave

soldier and an accomplished officer. On the 14th of June last, he commanded a Brigade which made an attack on Port Hudson. At the storming of Port Hudson, he and Col. Birge were designated as leaders of the Forlorn Hope. For some time past he has commanded the 3d Brigade of the 1st Division of the 19th Army Corps. In every capacity Col. Benedict has nobly acquitted himself, fully securing the tardy recognition of merit that, in many other instances, was all too swift to fall upon the undeserving. The country which mourns the loss of so many precious lives has need of such soldiers as Col. Benedict.

[*Albany Evening Journal.*]

Death of Col. Lewis Benedict.

The reported death of Col. Lewis Benedict is confirmed by letters from Grand Ecore, near the scene of the engagement. He was pierced by five balls, and instantly killed, while gallantly leading his Brigade in the final charge. No braver man ever lived, and he died, as he wished to die, fighting for the Old Flag, with his face to the foe.

Lewis Benedict was born in Albany, Sept. 2d, 1817. He graduated at Williams College, and studied law, in Canandaigua, with John C. Spencer. After his admission to the bar, he became a partner of Marcus T. Reynolds, in this city. He was Judge Advocate General in the Staff of Govs. Young and Fish; was subsequently elected to the office of Surrogate of the County, and also to the Assembly of the State.

When the War first broke out, he was still engaged in the practice of the Law, but, determining to give his service to his country, in June, 1861, he was commissioned as Lieut. Col. of the 73d Regt., Excelsior Brigade, with which

regiment he went into the Peninsular campaign, shared its earlier hardships and fought bravely at Williamsburg, where he was captured. He was taken to Richmond, where, and at Salisbury, N. C., he was the companion of Cols. Corcoran, Wilcox, &c.

After an imprisonment of several months, he was exchanged, and, in September, 1862 (one month after his exchange), he was commissioned Colonel of the 162d (3d Metropolitan) Regiment.

In October the Regiment proceeded to New Orleans, but, owing to various mishaps to the fleet, it did not reach the city until in December.

In January, 1863, he was designated Acting Brigadier, and, in that capacity, was actively employed, rendering important service previous to the siege of Port Hudson, where he was conspicuous in most of the terrible fights during that memorable siege. He was foremost in the fearful slaughter of June 14, and when it was decided to storm the fort, Col. Benedict was given command of the 2d Battalion selected to serve as the "Forlorn Hope." This selection was a tribute to his coolness and courage, and marked the estimation in which he was held by the General in command.

From that time forward, he has followed Gen. Banks through all his marches and victories. His last command, the 3d Brigade of the 1st Division and 19th Corps, was composed of the 116th, 162d, and 165th N. Y., two Maine Regiments, and an Independent Battery. No brigade fought more courageously, or did more to turn the tide of battle. When its commander fell, the country lost one of its noblest soldiers, and the Brigade an officer whom they were proud to follow.

Col. Benedict was a man of noble and generous impulses. He loved his country with an intensity which forbade hesitation or compromise when its integrity or

glory was involved. And he was as brave as he was patriotic. No man ever probably knew less of the sensation of fear. Those who have been with him on the field, speak of his bravery with enthusiasm, and refer to his calmness in the heat of battle with admiration. He had, in the highest degree, all the elements of a hero, combined with the still greater qualities of a cool, safe and thoughtful leader in the deadly strife.

The death of Col. Benedict is a sad blow to his sorrowing relatives, and their grief will be shared by all who knew the deceased. But they have this consolation, that he died in the hour of Victory, at the head of his brave Brigade, while pursuing the retreating enemy. His name will go down to posterity among those who have given their lives to their Country, and his memory will ever be fragrant with those who appreciate true courage and exalted patriotism.

Death of Col. Lewis Benedict.

The rumor of Saturday, which pierced so many hearts, finds painful confirmation in to-day's intelligence. Col. Lewis Benedict, acting as Brigadier General, fell at the head of his Troops in the disastrous Battle of Pleasant Hill.

This blow falls heavily upon a bereaved Mother, Brothers and Sisters, and grieves a large circle of warmly attached Friends. Col. Benedict, second son of the late Lewis Benedict, was "native," and to this "Manor born." Patriotic and chivalrous, in sentiment and impulses, when the Rebellion broke out, he tendered his services and—as the sequel proves—his life to his Country. In the early part of the War he was a Prisoner for several months in North Carolina.

Soon after his exchange he was promoted to the com-

mand of the 162d Regiment, with which he has done duty for a year in Louisiana. He was engaged in the assault upon Port Hudson, where his Regiment suffered severely. And now, having "fought his last battle," he has gone, where so many gallant Albanians have preceded him, to his final Review.

[*Atlas and Argus.*]

Death of Col. Lewis Benedict.

We forebore to speak of the death of Col. Benedict while the event was in doubt. An officer of the same name was in service in the West, and this had before been the source of some confusion. The sad event is confirmed, however, by details too clear to afford hope of mistake. The account of the third day's fight, on the Red River, says:

"Our left, Col. Benedict's Brigade, came into action first, and soon after our right and centre were engaged. The battle now raged fiercely, the air was full of lead and iron, and the roar of musketry and artillery incessant. The carnage on both sides was fearful, the men fighting almost hand to hand, and with great desperation. Nothing could exceed the determined bravery of our troops; but it was evident Emory's Division was fighting the whole Army. Pressed at all points by overwhelming numbers, our line fell back up the hill to the 16th Corps, which was concealed just behind the crest.

"Taylor's Battery for a time fell into the hands of the enemy.

"Gen. Smith made all preparations to receive the advancing foe, and, as the human tide came rolling up the hill, he looked quietly on until the enemy were almost up to the

muzzle of his guns, when a sheet of flame flashed along his lines, and, with the crash of ten thousand thunders, musket balls mingled with grape and canister swept the plain like a besom of destruction. Hundreds fell dead and dying before that awful fire.

"Scarcely had the seething lead left the guns when the word "charge" was given, and seven thousand brave men precipitated themselves upon the shattered ranks of the enemy. Emory's Division, which had only yielded to superior numbers and remained unbroken, now rushed forward and joined the 16th Corps, driving the rebels rapidly down the hill to the woods, where they broke and fled in the greatest confusion and dismay.

"Col. Benedict, *while gallantly leading his brigade in the charge, fell dead, pierced by five balls.*

"The battle was fought and the victory won. Our troops followed up the rebels until night put an end to the pursuit."

The account goes on to say that "our victorious army slept on the battle field, which was one of the most glorious of the war."

Among those who thus slept — never more to wake — was Col. Lewis Benedict, commanding 3d Brigade, 1st Division, 19th Corps. He was acting as Brigadier General, and his name was before the Senate for promotion to that grade.

Col. Benedict had, while quite young, been Surrogate of Albany county, which he had also represented in the Assembly. He was a successful lawyer, and might have found, in civil and political life, ample opportunities of advancement. He had identified himself with the militia of the State — in the Burgesses Corps, and the Albany Cavalry, which latter he first organized — and when the civil war broke out, his inclination as well as his sense of duty and the fervor of his political sentiments called him into the service. He was eminently suited to this career. A fine person, a vigorous frame, the habit of command, a

gallant demeanor, and honorable ambition, formed the elements of his success and advancement.

Once in, he never turned back. The death of his father left him an adequate fortune, but he cast it aside to pursue the fortunes of war. He was wounded, was for six months a prisoner, suffering severe privations and dangers even then, and was struck down with malaria and all but wrecked in health; but none of these things daunted his spirit. He might have sought and found inglorious ease in civil life, or in some semi-military appointment remote from danger. He preferred a soldier's grave!

Upon that grave, when he is gathered among his kinsmen and fellow citizens, many a tear will be shed, and many a flower will be cast by hands that once clasped his in youthful friendship or in the glow of generous manhood.

[*Albany Morning Express.*]

Col. Lewis Benedict Reported Killed.

Our citizens were startled Saturday afternoon at the announcement that Col. Lewis Benedict, of this city, was killed in one of the recent battles in the Red River country. Col. B. was in command of the 3d Brigade, 1st Division 19th Army Corps, and in the terrible and decisive battle of Pleasant Hill, when the Rebels were so signally defeated with frightful slaughter, held the left of the line. According to the accounts received, his Brigade first engaged the enemy, and, although no particulars of his death have been received, it is probable he met a soldier's fate early in the fight.

Col. Benedict, Gen. Sickles says, was as brave a soldier as there was in the Army. Where danger was the most

imminent there could he be found in the moment of peril, cheering his men to the performance of their duty, and by his own intrepidity and fearlessness setting an example of devotion to country and patriotism, that his men felt proud to emulate. He was beloved and respected by officers and men alike, and there will be no more sincere mourners in the circle of his home acquaintances than can be found in the ranks of the Brigade over which he acted as Commandant.

Col. Benedict was a lawyer by profession, and abandoned it to enter the Army, accepting the Lt. Colonelcy of the 73d Regt. N. Y. S. V., Excelsior Brigade. He served one term as Surrogate of the County, and represented the Second District of the County in the Legislature of 1861. After being admitted as a lawyer he became junior partner of the then well-known firm of Reynolds & Woodruff—Marcus T. Reynolds and Samuel M. Woodruff—taking the entire charge of the office or practice business. It was at this time that the writer commenced the study of the law, acting as clerk to the late Col. B., and being associated with him several years. He was, formerly, a prominent Whig politician, and of late years, was a member of the Republican party. He was, for many years, one of the most active members of the old Burgesses Corps, and was one of the founders of the City Cavalry, an organization, at one time, second to no other of the kind in the State. He was perfectly conversant with military tactics when he entered the army, and soon became distinguished in the brigade as one of its most competent officers.

The news of his death, of which we regret to say we fear there can be slight doubt, will be received with sorrow and sadness by his very many friends in this city not only, but in different sections of the State. He was a man of generous impulses and fine mental acquirements. He was a warm friend, and in his dealings with his fellows, was

ever the gentleman. By his death the country has lost a gallant officer. Rest to his spirit.

[*Albany Knickerbocker.*]

Death of Col. Lew Benedict.

The telegraph, on Saturday, brought the sad intelligence that Col. Lew Benedict, of this city, was among the slain at the battle in Western Louisiana. It was sorrowful news indeed. But few men were better known in Albany than Col. Benedict. It was the home of his birth, his boyhood and riper years. No man was more loved, esteemed and respected than our departed friend. He was frank, noble, generous — attributes that attached to him many warm and devoted friends who will mourn his loss. Col. Benedict was a thoroughly educated and accomplished gentleman. He graduated at Williams College, studied Law in this city with Marcus T. Reynolds, held the offices of City Attorney, Surrogate and Member of Assembly, and was honored with the nomination of Recorder and many other places by his party. He was among the first on the breaking out of the Rebellion to offer his services to the Government. In the campaign on the Peninsula, at the terrible slaughter at Williamsburg, Col. Benedict was made prisoner, and for nearly a year was confined in the Libby Prison. No sooner was he paroled and exchanged than he again entered the service, and has been one of Gen. Banks' most true and tried officers in the campaign in Louisiana. He took an active part in the reduction of Port Hudson; twice he led his Brigade up to "the jaws of death." The men under him believed that he "bore a charmed life" and could not be struck with rebel missiles, so bold, daring and reckless was he in the hour of danger. The Army had few braver men than Col. Lew Benedict.

[*Standard and Statesman.*]

Death of Col. Lew Benedict.

It is with heartfelt sorrow that we announce the death of Col. Lew Benedict. He was killed on the Red River while gallantly fighting in defence of the Old Flag. Colonel Benedict was one of the most popular young men ever born in this city. He was a man of large talent, large heart and generous sentiment. He has held the office of member of Assembly, Surrogate, Alderman, &c. He made a splendid officer — cool, daring and effective. The service could not have sustained a more serious loss.

[*Times and Courier.*]

Death of Col. Lewis Benedict.

Among the victims of the recent battles on the Red River, we are grieved to find the name of our well-known townsman, Col. Lewis Benedict, of the 162d New York. Col. Benedict entered the service shortly after the breaking out of the War, and, with the exception of a brief furlough to recruit his shattered health after his long imprisonment at Salisbury, was constantly engaged in active duty up to the time of his death. Shortly after his release from imprisonment, he went to New Orleans with the Banks expedition, and participated in all the hardships, perils and glories of the army of the Southwest. He leaves a wide circle of sorrowing friends by whom his memory will be preserved for his patriotism, his bravery, his suffering, and his final death in the cause of his country.

PROCEEDINGS IN REGARD TO THE FUNERAL.

COMMON COUNCIL.

MONDAY, *April*, 25, 8, P.M.

Present — Alds. Amsdell, Barhydt, Corning, Cowell, Gould, Johnson, Kennedy, McCarty, McCollum, McIntyre, Mulcahy, Nolan, Orr, Quinn, Reynolds, Rodgers, Sill, Tracey, Wilson. In the absence of the Mayor and Recorder Alderman Johnson was chosen to preside.

Alderman Rodgers offered the following Resolution:

Resolved, That his Honor the Mayor appoint a committee of three for the purpose of making and perfecting all arrangements necessary to pay due honors and respect to the remains of COLONEL LEWIS BENEDICT (who fell in leading his Brigade in the late battle of Red River) on their arrival in Albany.

Adopted.

And Alds. Rodgers, Gould and Sill were appointed.

HEAD-QUARTERS TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT
N. Y. S. N. G. ALBANY, *April* 30, 1864.

General Orders, No. 5.

The Colonel commanding is pained to announce to his command the death of another gallant officer, COL. LEWIS BENEDICT, of the 162d New York Volunteers, who fell at the post of duty as Acting Brigadier General in the late disastrous battle on the Red River.

COL. BENEDICT, formerly a Captain in our Regiment, like our former Colonels, FRISBY and BRYAN, and scores of

other brave officers, formerly members of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, has given his life to his country and we are now called upon to pay to his remains the last tribute of respect due to a fellow-soldier.

He was able, generous and brave as the bravest. In honor of his memory, the Regiment is hereby ordered to assemble at the Armory, on Monday, May 2d, 1864, at 1 o'clock, fully armed and equipped, to attend his Funeral and escort his remains to their last resting place.

The Colonel most earnestly enjoins upon the Commandants of Companies to use every effort to appear with full ranks. It is due to the deceased as a chivalrous and gallant patriot and as our former associate.

By order of COL. WALTER S. CHURCH.
J. M. KIMBALL, Adjutant.

ORDER OF ARRANGEMENTS

Of the Funeral Ceremonies of the Late Col. Benedict, to take place this afternoon, May 2.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Police, under command of Chief Johnson.

SCHRIEBER'S BAND.

25th Regiment, National Guard, State of N. Y., Col. Church.

HEARSE.

Flanked by Company A, Capt. Pochin, as Guard of Honor.

Relatives of deceased.

Military Mourners — Officers of 10th Regiment, N.Y.S.N.G., and Officers of U. S. Volunteers.

Governor and Staff.

State Officers.

Mayor and Common Council.

BRIGADE BAND.

Fire Department, under Chief McQuade.

Civic Societies.

Citizens.

The 25th Regiment will form on Chapel street, left resting on Maiden Lane.

Military mourners will form in Pine st., right on Chapel.

The Fire Department will form on Pine street, left of military mourners.

The Civic Societies will report to the Grand Marshal, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

The Procession will move precisely at 2 P. M., from the Second Presbyterian Church, down Chapel to State street, down State to North Pearl, up North Pearl to Clinton Avenue, thence to Broadway, up Broadway to the north bounds of the city, where carriages and cars will be in waiting.

By order of COL. WALTER S. CHURCH,
Grand Marshal.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SUPREME COURT.

Albany General Term of the Supreme Court, May 2, 1864.—Present, Hons. R. W. Peckham, Theodore Miller and Charles R. Ingalls, Justices.

Judge Wright, of Albany, addressed the Court as follows:

May it please the Court—I rise to make a motion in relation to an event which has already been announced by the public journals,—an event which has caused as deep a sensation of sorrow, and as profound a regret, as any other of a similar character which has affected this community since the commencement of this unholy, and accursed Rebellion.

This is not the first, nor the second time that the Bar of this City has been called on to manifest its respect for those who have gone forth to battle for their Country, and to sympathize with the friends of those who have fallen in its defense.

Among the gallant and patriotic men of our own circle who have fallen, none occupied a higher position, none presented a stronger claim for our respect and admiration than Col. Lewis Benedict, whose funeral obsequies are this day to be solemnized by a sympathizing and grateful community.

I knew the deceased as a student at Law. I knew him as a practitioner after his admission to the Bar; and since the commencement of this war I have known him as a brave and gallant soldier, fighting for the preservation of that Constitution, and that Union, which we all so dearly cherish. In all these relations I have respected and honored him. But on this occasion, it is to the unselfish and patriotic sacrifice of his life to aid in the salvation of his country, that I especially refer. Upon these qualities I will not now dwell. I trust that another and more fitting opportunity will be afforded to the Albany Bar, to express their high appreciation of his character as a man, and their unqualified admiration of his gallant bearing, and chivalrous character as an officer.

I beg leave to submit the following Resolution, and request that it be entered on the minutes of the Court:

Resolved, That this Court do now adjourn, in order to give its members, and the members of the Bar in attendance thereon, an opportunity to unite in the funeral ceremonies of Col. Lewis Benedict, who lately fell in the State of Louisiana, whilst gallantly leading the brigade he commanded to battle and to victory, to sustain the Constitution, and to preserve the Union.

Mr. Justice Peckham, the presiding Judge, after some impressive remarks, expressive of his high appreciation of the character of Col. Benedict, as a citizen and a soldier, stated that the Court concurred in the propriety of the resolution, and directed it to be entered on the minutes, and adjourned the Court accordingly.

WORDS SPOKEN AT THE OBSEQUIES

OF THE

LATE COLONEL LEWIS BENEDICT.

BY THE REV. C. D. W. BRIDGMAN.

An unusual occasion has opened these doors, which turn to only sacred uses, and drawn us to this house of prayer. Flags waving so lowly from every staff — the martial tramp of those who gather in the street below to a solemn and impressive ceremonial — this vast assembly, of aspect so grave and sad — the group which set apart, fenced in by thoughts and griefs into which only the omniscient One can look — the mournful strains of the choir, intermingled with the pathetic, beseeching, but submissive lament of the organ, as though itself felt an agony and at the same time an inspiration from the Comforter: all indicate that calamity has fallen here — that an overwhelming sorrow has burst upon us, the waves of which can be rolled back only by Him whose presence so often is invoked in this holy place.

A man has fallen whom most of you well knew: gifted and generous, honorable and brave — an honored son of this ancient capital, whose family name is written high on the roll of her citizens — a brother of ours, in whom the natural elements of manliness were mingled in due proportion, and who, through his maturing years, swept a wide circle of influence in this city and State — a soldier worthy of his name, and the record of whose fidelity to duty, of sacrifices cheerfully endured for our common weal, is his

commanding claim to be associated with the accomplished heroes whom our old, imperial State has freely offered to the hazards of this great struggle, and whose blood has been the price of her self-renouncing devotion.

Of Lewis Benedict, whose empty tabernacle lies here before us — emptied of all that gave it comeliness and made it dear — let me speak in but few words: not in the style of impassioned panegyric, as when the Athenian father pronounced the oration over his son who had fought valiantly in the battle, but with the brevity befitting one who forms his estimate only from the testimony of others, and with the soberness which ever becomes us in the sanctuary of God and in the presence of death.

Born in this city, of a pure and honored parentage, his youth was full of grace and duty, and expressed, in constant testimony, the rare devotedness of his filial love. Earnest in his studies as he was zealous and enterprising in the amusements which relieved his sober pursuits, he was soon prepared for a higher instruction than our city afforded, and, at an early age, was registered as a student in Williams College. Shaping his course with care and energy, he was honorably graduated in the year 1837, and returned three years thereafter to deliver the Master's oration. Devoting himself to the profession of law, he entered upon its study in the office of the late Mr. Spencer, with the same ardor of pursuit as when he seized the prizes in our Academy and earned the honors in his collegiate career.

Shortly afterward, he became associated with a gentleman then in the zenith of his professional fame and intellectual vigor, and was elevated at once to a position in the profession not attained, perhaps, as often as it is deserved. But, having risen to this height, and given such promise of a brilliant career, and being possessed of a sufficient inheritance, his former stimulus seems to have failed him; and, where others regarded the profession as an agency for

the accumulation of wealth or winning a wide, enduring fame, he looked upon it rather as a manual of intellectual exercise. Turning his thoughts, at this time, from subjects purely legal, he engaged himself in the study of those political questions which were then commanding the popular attention, and, by a diligent reading, fortified in him those principles his father had so faithfully adhered to and defended, and which have become the controlling principles in our national policy. Though possessed of a highly cultivated taste, that was shocked by rude appeals — with a mind enriched by a varied reading and observation, and by intercourse with refined society at home and abroad — there was that social, generous nature underneath which toned away the scholar's dignity and gave such an easy grace to every accomplishment as that they interposed no barrier between himself and the humblest one he knew. Of such easy access, so cordial in his treatment of all, it is not strange that soon he should have been appealed to by his political friends to serve for their candidate, nor that from this time he should be met less often in the forum than in the arenas where public questions furnish the themes of debate, and political action becomes definitely determined. With a varied fortune, he continued the career thus opened to him, until the nation's hour of peril came; and, when the alarm-trumpet was sounded, waking us all from our dull, strange apathy, it fell on his quick ear as an imperative summons that he could not shut out.

Upon the adjournment of the Legislature of which he was then a member, he gave himself, with the devotion his later life so constantly illustrates, to the service of his country. The cause that then seemed to him — as it now seems to all — the cause of human liberty, engaged his earnest activities; and, to serve it intelligently and well, in the only way our enemies permitted, he strove, by a diligent study, to prepare himself for the duties of the position to which he

was early commissioned. The old stimulus again is felt — his former habits are revived. Writing to his father, with reference to this, he says: "I have followed your advice about study, or rather I anticipated it, for since my determination was formed to take an active part in the war, I have felt that one assuming any command incurs a grave responsibility."

Not from hasty impulse did he gird on the harness of the soldier — not from a blind frenzy, or feverish ambition; but as one who detected the deep meanings of this struggle, and whose soul was afire with love and duty, toward our Government and liberties. Cheerfully he threw his life into the struggle, without a scruple — with the ancient, judging it sweet and decorous to die, if need be, for his country's safety. As an expression of the sentiment that ruled him, let me read to you an extract from a letter to his mother, written whilst the siege of Yorktown was in progress; "I am pained to learn that so much apprehension for my safety is mingled with the gratification you feel at my being in a position to do service to my country. I know it is impossible for a mother to forget her son; but I would, if I could, inspire you with the pride I feel in devoting my life to the cause of Freedom and the Union. Thus far, though I have endeavored to do, as far as my frail nature would permit, my duty to man"— and the truth of this, his carefulness for the interests of his men most constantly affirms —"I know I have not forgotten *myself* as I should in many instances have done; but, in the struggle to be soon inaugurated here, the opportunity will be given me to furnish unmistakable evidence that I am animated by the noblest sentiments — that I can resign life, which I love, that my country may again enjoy the blessings of peace and the development of its beneficent principles of government. Politically acting, I have sought its weal — personally, my life belongs to it in its woe: so that

I view the result of the battle with complacency. If I survive — as I hope I will — no fortunes in future life can destroy my consciousness of having periled life for right; and, if I fall, through all the grief which you and our dear ones will feel, will breathe the consolation that I was a soldier, fighting in a just cause. Let that feeling, dear mother, console you, as it reconciles me to the chances of this war."

What patriot ever has penned nobler words than these? Who among us has risen to a more illustrious height of patriotic devotion? Above the voices of home and congenial companionships he hears the awful trump of duty, and that is the incitement by which he marches — the imperious summons to self-renunciation, and possibly to death. Shortly after those words were traced, he was taken a prisoner; but returned from the enemy's hands only to give himself anew for the work to which he had given himself with so entire a consecration. Although greatly impaired in health, he accepts a new command, and leaves again for a more distant field, where he is called on to assume a larger responsibility than is strictly involved with his commission. But his intelligence and wisely-regulated zeal, and subsequent successes, attest that the honor was properly awarded, and attracts the frequent commendations of those above him in the command. In charge of the brigade to which he was assigned, he was engaged in that — thus far — unfortunate expedition, wherein so many have made their final sacrifice; and, while gallantly leading it against the enemy on the third day of that fierce struggle, he fell — passing away in one swift pain — another victim in this awful strife.

So suddenly this light is quenched, and our glowing hopes transformed to sad remembrances! So suddenly is the voice of mourning wakened in the home where so recently it had been stilled, as the son goes from

mortal fellowship to rejoin the father, in the silent land. His eulogy may not be woven from these simple, hurried words of mine, but from these signals of the general woe. It is the silent homage to his worth of which this concourse is the devout expression — it is the unbounded confidence and love of his companions in arms, and their pathetic testimony to his merits as a man and soldier — it is the memories cherished in the grateful hearts of those who knew him best, of how tenderly he fulfilled the offices of son and brother, and with what generous action he responded ever to the calls of outward need and suffering. On this bright spring day when nature is speaking only of renewal, we mourn him as among our early dead. The battle was soon over with him — the contest and assault — the pain and the privation — the weary marches and vigils of the night; and, with these sprinkled flowers upon his breast, we bear him hence, from the cross to the sepulchre, and suffer it to fold him in forever from our mortal sight. Such as this are our sacrifices, beloved — but they are our *glories*, too. Fidelity to our convictions and living as we believe, at whatever cost of substance or existence, are the only glories we are equal to; and he has but lowly views of the grand meanings of human life who weighs comfort or fortune or peace for a moment in the scale with honor and duty and the public weal. What is your flesh and blood or mine in comparison with loyalty to principle? What is your life or mine compared with the integrity of a nation into which have been garnered the hopes of humanity, and which alone among the nations is the city of refuge from ancient tyranny? But for more than for national integrity are these young lives, so full of glowing promises, laid down in sacrifice. If this were all, then Denmark may give the same emphasis to the calls upon her youth to-day as America to hers. But the Providence that has controlled our movements and shaped our

policy by his superior intention, has made our cause identical with the cause of human freedom, and bound indissolubly together the patriots' self-surrender and the philanthropists' self-sacrifice. Our love of liberty — our loyalty to those rights which belong to every man, as an equal son and heir of the Infinite Father — is now appealed to by every whirl of the conscription-wheel and in every exaction of the tax-list; and until these liberties, so audaciously imperiled, are established beyond every hazard in the future and for evermore, we are enjoined by all the sufferings of those who, in dungeons and on scaffolds, paid the price of their devotion to the same cause — by the memories of our heroic and sainted fathers — by all the hopes we have derived from it for our children and children's children — to carry on this contest to a triumphant issue. And the grandeur of such a struggle — a struggle reaching backward to Sidney's scaffold, and beyond, to where men felt the first faint inspirations of such a cause: for which Hampden died — for which our fathers left their bloody impress on the snows of Valley Forge, and endured the privations which made our Revolutionary annals so glorious and inspiring for our study; the grandeur of such a struggle invests these frequent deaths with a meaning most sublime, and demands the enrolment of these humble names in the grand, historical obituary of those who have suffered for the dear cause of liberty in the ages of the past.

In a coming day, when the clouds shall have been lifted, and present ignorance and prejudice no longer shall distort the popular vision, with what a lustre these names will shine on the historic roll, and how closely will they be pressed againt the nation's heart! Already, what heraldry on palatial walls is more glorious than the uniforms torn by the bayonet and cut by the bullet, hung in all those homes where the dead soldier comes no more? What words more eloquent, or preserving a prouder fact, than

those which are often recited above these swiftly-rising mounds in all our cemeteries: "He fought and fell in this war for the Union and for Freedom?" Oh! sleep, sleep, ye martyrs, in your quiet graves! Our spirits have been reinforced by your sublime example! By the fervor of your love of freedom you have kindled ours, and out of your graves shall spring a better harvest than sickles straightened into swords have ever cut for our humanity!

We are not cast down by our defeats. We are not moved away from this great contest by a despair as to its issue. The sacred standard will not be lowered, but be kept proudly aloft by those who are inspired by their hereditary trust and devoted to the common cause. Nathan Hale dies; but the cause was not thwarted. Warren dies: and it seems as though the bullet that blasts his life shatters the cause of the people; but the cause does not slacken, though he is borne helpless from the field. It marches on — if to new defeats, yet to grander successes; and, only widened in its scope, lives here to-day, marshaling a nation's armies in its interest, and pressing forward to a triumphant issue. All the sacrifices in the past have only prepared us for sacrifices richer and ampler in the future. The hostile stroke recoils. The blood that has run reddening from these veins, apparently to stop still and be clotted as a pool on the earth, will run back somehow and be reinfused into the people. As the tree dies, but in its very decay nourishes the roots of the new forest; as the silkworm dies, but his fine fabric does not perish; as the wave wasting along the strand, in its recession completes the fullness of the one succeeding; as the damp sprinkling at the mouth of the furnace kindles the fire it but superficially quenches to a hotter glow; so no vital current at present flowing can be so mighty for our triumph as that which has been spent and spilt like water in these red furrows of our civil strife.

From our very sacrifices, therefore — sacrifices offered in these homes, of comforts and of treasure; sacrifices in the field, of our lovely and winning youth, our noble manhood, our brave leadership — we propheey success; against our very war-sky we trace out our vision of hope.

All the great landmarks of modern freedom — Magna Charta, Reformation Protests, Declaration of Rights, Declaration of Independence — have been sealed with blood. Philosophy and science have pined in dungeons and bled under the axe before putting on their immortal robes and ascending to thrones. Religion, in all its humbler forms, has "sweat great drops of blood, running down to the ground," and in its highest expression is crimsoned and warmed with the blood of the Son of God. The law is universal and inevitable that all things valuable are secured and consecrated by blood alone — and so must we as a nation buy our redemption from our past iniquities and seize that richest possession — equal and impartial freedom for the human brotherhood — by these fierce pangs and this bloody sweat. And if the blood shed so generously by all our brave ones, whilst cementing anew the walls of our Republic shall wash away our national reproach; if, when we sing in grandest concert our thanksgiving hymn over the return of peace, a captive people sings of Freedom as one, already, of them has been prepared to sing by him we mourn, will there not be a consolation flowing for us from that glorious result?

Before this coffin, then, my hearers, in the very valley of this our sorrow, let us devote ourselves, with no outward ritual, but in the deep recesses of our hearts, to this our cause as it was his, the cause of "Freedom and the Union," with the solemn resolve of a perfect consecration. Then, as on the battle field, so here, the death of this brave soldier shall minister strength unto our souls, a fresh ardor and energy to all our exertions. May God direct His

Providence to such an issue, and whilst inspiring us vouchsafe to those who more deeply mourn the abundant consolations of His grace. May they be felt to-day by the mother who breathes her long and deep lament, by the sisters who sob their tender anguish, by the brothers who look with regretful memories on the "vacant chair," by all who weep and mourn for the beauty of our Israel slain upon the desolate places of battle.

[*From the City Press.*]

FUNERAL OF COL. BENEDICT.

The funeral of the late COL. LEWIS BENEDICT took place yesterday afternoon and created a deep sensation throughout the city, where the deceased, as boy and man, had been so well known and so generally beloved. The flags of the city were at half-mast during the day. At noon the bells began tolling and citizens to throng the streets, business for the time being generally suspended.

At 1 P. M. the body, attended by the family and friends, was conveyed from the residence of the deceased to the 2nd Presbyterian Church, where funeral services were performed. The crowd was great. Every inch of space available in the edifice was occupied, while hundreds were unable to obtain admittance. The Governor and Staff, the Mayor and City Authorities and many friends of the deceased from different parts of the State, were present and participated in the solemn services of the hour.

The Prayer, full of tenderness and touching pathos, was offered by the Rev. Dr. Sprague and was followed by an earnest and eloquent Address by Rev. C. D. W. Bridgman. He paid a glowing tribute to the memory of the deceased,

spoke of his gallantry as a soldier and the large and honored place he held in the affections of this community. His allusion to his love for his mother, and the quotation from a letter written to her a short time before his death, deeply affected his hearers. Singing by the choir and a Benediction by Rev. Dr. Pohlman closed the exercises in the church.

The remains were then given in charge to the Military, carried from the church, and placed upon a catafalque drawn by four white horses. The coffin was covered with the American flag and upon it laid the sword, cap, &c., of the deceased, surrounded by a wreath of white flowers. The funeral *cortege* was imposing. Minute guns were fired during the movement of the procession, which passed down State and through North Pearl streets, followed by a dense array of citizens. At the north bounds of the city the Bearers took carriages, and the Military and others the cars, for the Cemetery, where, after a most impressive reading of the sublime funeral service of his church, by Rev. Dr. Henry N. Pohlman, the body of the hero and patriot was entombed, the Military paying the tribute prescribed for such occasions.

The 25th Regiment, under command of Col. Church, (whose arrangements were in excellent taste), was out with full ranks,—a graceful testimonial of their admiration of the worth and services of the deceased soldier.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

ALBANY BAR.

On Saturday, the 7th of May, 1864, the members of the Albany Bar convened at the Capitol.

The Hon. Rufus W. Peckham was appointed Chairman, and Messrs. Wolford and Edwards, Secretaries of the meeting.

Messrs. Johnson, Gansevoort, Parker, Cooper and Cochrane, were appointed a committee on resolutions. The committee, through their chairman, Mr. Johnson, reported the following:

Resolved, That the members of the Bar of the city of Albany, have heard with profound regret, of the death of COLONEL LEWIS BENEDICT, whilst gallantly leading the Brigade he commanded to battle and to victory.

Resolved, That while we are called upon to mourn the loss of so many of our professional brethren who have offered their lives as a sacrifice in the desperate struggle in which we are engaged for the preservation of our Constitution and our Liberties, and the perpetuity of our Union, we have great reason to be proud of the honor which their unselfish patriotism, their unwearied devotion, and their gallant bearing, have conferred upon us.

Resolved, That while we duly honor, and will ever gratefully cherish the memory of each and every one of our professional brethren who have given their lives in their country's cause, and for their country's defense, none presents a stronger or a higher claim to our gratitude and respect than COLONEL LEWIS BENEDICT. While each one has bravely and nobly performed the duty assigned him, none has acquired a higher rank, or secured a higher reputation for military capacity and gallant bearing, than he whose deeds we have met to honor, and whose memory we seek to perpetuate.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the relatives and friends of COLONEL BENEDICT in their bereavement; and while we

ask to be permitted to mingle our regret, and our grief with theirs, we trust that they may find, as we certainly do, consolation in the reflection that he died as a brave and gallant soldier in the defense of a just and holy cause.

Resolved, That the Secretaries of this meeting transmit a copy of these Resolutions to the family of COLONEL BENEDICT.

The Hon. Lyman Tremain, moved the adoption of the resolutions, and spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman: I do not rise to pronounce an elaborate eulogium upon the life and character of our deceased friend and professional brother. But, having been well acquainted with COL. BENEDICT for many years, I should fail to do justice to my own heart, if I omitted to say a few words on this melancholy occasion, in honor of his memory.

The Bar has always maintained an honorable position in every great struggle for popular rights and human liberty. The general tendency of their pursuits and studies is towards a safe conservatism on the one hand, while on the other, the spirit of resistance to oppression and wrong — for which their occupation so well prepares their minds — and their intelligent capacity to appreciate, at an early period, the true nature of the pending contest, have combined to place the members of our profession in a commanding and prominent position, wherever the old warfare between aristocracy and democracy has broken into a flame.

In the English Revolution — and in all those fierce contests between the Commons and the Crown of England, which have resulted, in the main, so auspiciously for the cause of constitutional liberty, the lawyers of England have furnished many brilliant and noble examples. Every educated man will readily recall the names of great English lawyers which have become historic by reason of their identification with such struggles — names that have been handed down to us by history and tradition — names which grow brighter and purer as time rolls on — names which have become memorable in the council, at the forum, on the field, and even upon the scaffold.

In the war for American independence, the lawyers of America reflected lustre upon their profession. Whenever our thoughts are directed to that great contest, we recall, instinctively, the names of John Adams, James Otis, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton, lawyers, who exercised greater influence upon the colonies, than any equal number of men, from any and all other occupations, and whose services will be gratefully remembered and cherished while American literature endures.

The civil war in which we are now engaged furnishes no exception to the general rule. The lawyers need not be ashamed of their record. Albany need not blush for her Bar. Our roll of honor is bright and glorious. To the honored names of Jackson, Hill, Strong and Benedict, the lawyers of Albany can point with melancholy pride. In proportion to the number of our little band, no other profession, occupation, or calling in our city, noble and loyal as we admit them to be, can furnish a better or a nobler list of patriot-martyrs.

Col. Lewis Benedict was not an ordinary man. He was not induced to become an active participant in this war by fanaticism, or bigotry, or personal malevolence to any portion of his countrymen. On the contrary, he was a gentlemen of fine culture, general attainments, a high order of intelligence, and a man of the world. He had college friends, personal and political associates, to whom he was warmly attached, scattered all through the seceding states. His mind was entirely free from personal bitterness or a vindictive spirit, and his nature was wholly kind, genial and generous.

He entered the field, however, from the noblest and most patriotic motives. He appreciated, at the commencement of hostilities, the true character of the contest. He understood that it was to be a fierce and bloody war. He

knew that it was an issue no less grand and important, than to determine whether the Union and our free institutions should be perpetuated and preserved, or whether they should forever perish.

He believed the struggle was between despotism on one side and a republican form of government on the other; between the masses, and the privileged few; and he saw, in the defeat of the Union, the destruction of the fundamental principles of a republic, and the ruins of the cause of free labor and popular sovereignty.

He believed that the success of the rebellion would throw back the cause of civilization, and place in peril all that had hitherto been gained in the cause of freedom and humanity. With such views, he drew his sword, and entered the service of his country.

Receiving a commission, he made himself master of his official duties, and labored, with fidelity and success, to promote the welfare, safety and comfort of the soldiers who were placed under his command. The touching letter to his mother, an extract from which was read at his funeral, reveals his views on this point, in a light most honorable to himself, and well worthy of adoption by all other officers in the Army of the Union.

He was taken prisoner while bravely fighting the enemy, and was confined for many months in the southern prisons. After being exchanged he returned to his home in this city, where he was met by crowds of his fellow citizens eager to give him a public reception, which was declined by him on account of his impaired health.

He remained here a few weeks, an invalid, and on recovering his health, he was offered and accepted the command of a new regiment which had recently been raised in the city of New York. His commission, as colonel, was well earned by him, and was tendered to him in recognition of his meritorious services in the field.

He participated in the siege of Port Hudson. I heard an officer who saw him on that occasion, speak in terms of the warmest admiration of BENEDICT'S bravery in marching, pursuant to orders, at the head of his Brigade, across the plain up to the enemy's battery, in full range of his guns, and while men were falling all around him.

He had the satisfaction of seeing that proud fortress, with its vast military stores and brave defenders yield to our victorious arms.

In the recent disastrous battles in Louisiana, COL. BENEDICT, on the third day of the fight, while victory was perching upon our banner, fell with his face to the foe at the head of his brigade, pierced by several bullets, showing that he was at the post of danger, and in the performance of his duty.

COL. BENEDICT seemed at Port Hudson to possess a charmed life, but at last "the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken." The citizen soldier has "fought his last battle." His remains have been brought back to the city of his nativity and his affection. The funeral oration has been pronounced; the honored coffin has been placed in the tomb; the solemn strains of martial music have ceased; the crowds of mourning citizens have returned from the funeral ceremonies, and he, than whom a braver officer never drew the sword, sleeps well in his new made grave.

By the death of LEWIS BENEDICT, our city has lost an active and influential citizen, our profession a talented and respected member, and our army and the country a useful and valuable officer.

We sympathize deeply with the mourning relatives and friends, and especially with the mother who has been bereaved of her son. But, it is allotted to all men to die, and what nobler death can there be than that of LEWIS BENEDICT?

He proved his sincerity by the highest tests, and sealed with his life-blood, his devotion to his country. Prompted by the noblest ambition, he left his father's house for the field of danger and of death. Had he remained an inactive spectator of the distant struggle, his years might, perhaps, have been prolonged for an indefinite period, but what comparison then and now in his closing career and his final death? What real friend of BENEDICT would reverse, if he could, the decrees of an all-wise Providence, or desire that he should exchange a few years of uneventful sloth, for a death met in the discharge of duty, while bravely defending his country against its enemies?

Shall the sacrifices like that we this day lament, be made in vain? We are on the eve of mighty events. The country is trembling with hopes and fears. Great armies are menacing each other on the soil of Virginia. Rivers of blood may yet flow, and thousands of noble lives be sacrificed in the approaching collision, upon the altar of our beloved country. Shall all these precious offerings prove unavailing? Forbid, it Heaven! No, it cannot, must not, shall not be! The cause of humanity must not roll backward. An enlightened American civilization shall not succumb to an effete and antiquated barbarism.

The closing struggle will be terrific, and the destruction of property and life awful. But, in the language of an orator of our revolution, "I see, or think I see, clearly the end of this day's business."

In our vast resources, in the strength and intrinsic justice of our cause, we occupy a position of immense superiority over our enemies. A rebellion, the elements composing which consist of all human crimes, cannot succeed in this age against the American people, with a just God upon the throne. Sooner or later the authority of this Union will, I doubt not, be restored. When peace shall again return with unnumbered blessings, then will

our people remember, with lively gratitude, through all coming time, the warriors by whose blood a permanent peace was secured. Then will the names of BENEDICT and those other brave heroes who may have fallen in this war, be spoken with grateful affection, and their memories be honored and cherished by a free and happy people.

REMARKS OF HON. JOHN K. PORTER.

We all felt a sudden sinking of the heart, when, with tidings of the victory of the southwestern army, on the 9th of April, came the startling rumor that LEWIS BENEDICT was dead. We knew that if he had fallen, it had been in the van of battle; but he had so strong a hold upon us all that we refused to credit the message of death. We were not long in suspense. He had fallen, like Wolfe, in the hour and on the field of victory.

We were connected with him by the ties of private friendship and professional brotherhood; and having united with his companions in arms, with the public authorities and the citizens at large, in the sad office of committing his bloodless remains to their resting place, we feel that we do honor to ourselves, no less than to him, by convening at the Capitol to pay a special tribute of respect to his memory.

No man whom Albany has produced has fulfilled more nobly, in the close of his career, the brilliant promise of youth and early manhood. In his case, as in many others, the civil war, which now convulses the country, has given occasion for the complete development of powers, rarely called into full exercise in periods of peace.

Few entered active life under more propitious circumstances. Distinguished by rare talents and attainments during his collegiate course, he had the advantage of pur-

suing his subsequent professional studies under the guidance of John C. Spencer, and, on his admission to the bar, became the partner of Marcus T. Reynolds, who fully appreciated his manly character and marked forensic ability.

Independent in his circumstances, with a keen zest for social intercourse, with habits of literary culture — which soon gave place, in a great measure, to the more absorbing interest that beguiles so many from the bar to the arena of political strife — he was known as a clear-headed and able lawyer, capable of taking any rank in the profession to which he might aspire, but too little emulous of the forensic honors which lay within his reach. He needed more than the stimulus of mere personal ambition. He did not care to meet the ceaseless exactions of the law — to sow while others sleep, and reap the fruits of that intellectual toil which knows neither relaxation nor repose. With a healthy, vigorous and well-stored mind, he found it easy to discharge, with skill and fidelity, the duties he owed to his clients, and was content with a manly and honorable but unambitious professional career. No better evidence could be furnished of his thorough legal training and rare judicial ability, than the fact that while he was surrogate of the county of Albany, no decree pronounced by him was reversed in any appellate tribunal.

His generous impulses and strong convictions naturally made him an active and ardent participant in public affairs; and it was a marked characteristic of the man, that, though as a political leader, he won commanding influence and merited distinction, he took more pleasure in advancing the fortunes of others, than in putting himself in the line of preferment. He accepted public honors, but only when they came unsought.

At the outbreak of the rebellion, he held a prominent position in the Legislature, and by his counsels, his speeches and his votes, he rendered effective aid in perfecting the

measures devised by that patriotic body to rouse the people and arm the state. But when the session closed, and our flag needed armed defense, no one who knew him doubted that he would be among the foremost of its defenders.

The manly and generous tributes to his memory by life-long political opponents, are alike honorable to them and just to him. He was true to the principles he professed, inwrought as they were with his deepest convictions. He felt that in a war waged by Southern caste against Northern democracy — in an armed rebellion of slavery against law and liberty — his proper field of service was the battle-field. He could not be unconscious of his high qualifications for command, but in the spirit of true patriotism, which exacts no conditions, he tendered his services in that position, be it what it might, for which there should be no more fitting applicant.

He was on the eve of marriage, but at the call of his country he postponed all that was personal to himself until the event should prove whether he was to sleep in a soldier's grave.

Calmly and unostentatiously he announced his purpose, and made his arrangements, not for three months or three years, but for the war. The ties of filial and fraternal love bound few men with equal strength; but all who knew his father will readily believe that on an issue involving the honor of the country and the maintenance of the government, he could not hesitate to dedicate to the cause either his own blood or that of the cherished son who bore his name.

We have since followed that father to the grave, at the age of nearly four score years. The noble impress of his character was developed by subsequent events in the son, then captive in a rebel prison. I have known no man more worthy to be held in honored remembrance than Lewis Benedict, the elder. In the grandeur of his person,

no less than in the earnestness of his purposes, he realized my conception of the iron-willed barons who extorted from the Crown the great charter of English liberty. His very presence gave assurance of the balanced elements of perfect manhood. The masculine vigor of his understanding, his broad and enlightened views, his clear perception of the right, his rugged and inflexible sense of justice, commanded our respect and admiration. Yet this lion-hearted old man, open, frank and downright in speech, had a warm, generous and loving nature, which yielded to friendship and affection with almost womanly gentleness and sensibility. He was loyal, faithful and true — incapable of falsehood — incapable of fear. He was in many respects a much greater man than others whom, with confiding and unselfish devotion, he aided in building up to greatness.

The son entered the service in a spirit worthy of the father. Too many were looking to the war as an opportunity to achieve private fortune or personal advancement. The path of these led toward Washington; his led toward the field of battle. He received an early appointment as Lieutenant-Colonel in the Excelsior Brigade; and, aided in no small degree by his executive ability and energy, Gen. Sickles was soon in the field at the head of a body of men who will receive in history a generous share of the honors due to the Army of the Potomac.

No officer in the army, of equal rank, proved more effective in command than Col. Benedict. None rose more rapidly in the confidence of his superior officers, and, though a rigid disciplinarian, he won the personal affection and devotion of every man in his regiment.

In the memorable battle of Williamsburg he refused to be kept from the field, though crippled by a recent injury. He held his brave troops close up to the line of duty and of death, when others fell back in dismay; and when at last cut off, by a sudden movement of the enemy, from

the main body of his men, he refused to surrender his sword, and was forcibly disarmed by command of a rebel officer, who was too much won by his gallantry to permit a wounded foe to be cut down in unequal combat.

Relieved from captivity by exchange in August, 1862, he returned to Albany to recruit his wasted strength, and to visit his mother's home and his father's grave. In three weeks, while still convalescent and barely able to walk, he was commissioned as Colonel of the 162d regiment, and soon after sailed with his troops for the Gulf.

In January he was assigned to the command of a brigade. His services in that capacity for the remaining fifteen months of his life were such as won the admiration of all who witnessed them, and the regard of all who served under him. We have among us the returned veterans who have made his name familiar in the households of the rank and file, as the soldier's friend, and the bravest of the brave. We have the public record of his distinguished services and his dauntless bearing in the memorable siege of Port Hudson. We heard with increased joy of the surrender of that fortress, because it superseded the intended assault by the "Thousand Stormers," in which he was to lead a forlorn hope — scarcely more "forlorn," however, than one he had already led against the same fortifications on the 14th of June — a day which clothed our city in mourning.

As we follow him from scene to scene in that dark drama of war, we find him everywhere charged by the general in command with trusts of the highest responsibility, and, in the disharge of each duty, developing resources and ability which demand the grateful recognition of the country. Recommended by General Banks for promotion to the rank, of which he performed the duties and assumed the perils, he was passed by at Washington, to witness, in some cases at least, the preferment of those who were seeking the honors, which he was content to earn. No such

omission will occur in the historic roll, to be made up hereafter, of the heroic leaders who have baptized with their blood the fields on which our national honor was redeemed.

Col. Benedict had eminent qualifications for command. To a mind of admirable clearness and perspicuity he added the self-reliance imparted by conscious strength and the steady energy of a calm and resolute will. He had the rare power of organization, with the still rarer faculty of inspiring the confidence and winning the hearts of masses of men. He had the buoyant and elastic strength which always rises with the emergency, equal to the demands of the hour. Beside all this, he held every faculty under complete control — a qualification which, in the case of one of his favorite marshals, Napoleon likened to the complete command of his steed by a trained and fearless rider.

When, at the historic battle of Pleasant Hill, the fortunes of the day rested for the time on the bearing of this chosen brigade of the 19th Army Corps, every man in his command knew that, whoever else might fail, Lewis Benedict would not fail — and that in the bloodiest crisis of battle, his pulse would be even, his voice firm, his vision clear, his judgment poised, and his heart true. It was only such a man in command of our left wing, who could have held that devoted band, a living breastwork, from which the advancing column of the rebel army more than once recoiled — and who in the end, could move those ranks, unbroken save by death, to the final charge which bore our banner to victory. In that charge he fell, leaving a record which imparts lustre to his name, and confers honor on the city of his birth.

Remarks of Hon. Clark B. Cochrane.

While I cannot, in justice to my own feelings, or to the promptings of this occasion, which are well nigh irrepressible, remain entirely silent, I shall attempt little else than present my sincere offering of personal respect and gratitude to the memory of Lewis Benedict. Certainly, I am quite unable to add anything to what has been so well and so eloquently said, touching the distinguished life and services of our departed friend. He was a member of this bar, and we meet, as is becoming, to give public expression to the sorrow we feel at the loss of a cherished professional brother. He was our fellow-townsman, and in the honor which his recent marked and brilliant career has reflected upon his native city, we may properly claim, in some sense, to share; for those generous and manly qualities which he exhibited, as our companion and acquaintance; for those resolute and inherent traits of character which made the deceased a representative of the higher type of our American manhood; for that heroic love of country, which constrained him to break from every other tie and postpone every other affection, and peril life itself in her defense; for the skill and courage in the field which had secured the confidence of officers and men, and for that undaunted intrepidity, singularly displayed amid the appalling scenes which were his last, we may express our admiration and here record our profound and grateful remembrance. Beyond this, there is nothing for us to do. No language of panegyric which we can employ, can add anything to the fame of Col. Benedict. This is already secure. The achievement is his alone. He was the architect of his own fame. He rose to position and eminence by the vigor and strength of his own character. His life-work, in the new theater of action for which he left us, rising rapidly into public view, to-day stands out clear and distinctive in its noble proportions,

and though we may commemorate the finished structure, the voice of praise can add nothing to its essential grandeur.

Gifted by nature with those rare endowments which qualify men for great and perilous employments, imbued with that spirit of devotion which the love of country can alone inspire, he entered the field of patriotic duty, and though arrested in middle life and in mid career, he had lifted, by force of his own right hand, his name and reputation to position, and placed them upon an eminence above the anxieties of friendship, and beyond the reach of detraction. A hero by inheritance, born with elements for command, trained to habits of self-reliance and schooled in the knowledge of men, he found in the stern occupations of war, to which his imperiled country called him as a leader, a theater fitted to the development of his powers. Cool amidst every danger, skillful in the disposition of his forces, attentive to the wants and careful for the safety of his men, lion-hearted on the day of battle, distinguished in every conflict, tried in both extremes of military fortune and equal to either, and at last when his hour came, met death like a true soldier in the face of the enemy, leading his brave columns to victory. This is the simple record of Col. Benedict. What can any of us do — what can we all do better, than "leave him alone in his glory?" Ambition cannot covet a nobler death, or patriotism own a holier sacrifice. His countrymen, not simply his class, recognize his services and deplore his loss.

Before his body had reached our city, before the flag, for which he died, had been lowered in token of the sacrifice, before even the bereaved mother had heard the fate of her son, in the chances of the battle, his name had been enshrined in the nation's heart. There it will remain forever. The tears shed by kindred upon his bier had been anticipated by the tears of his companions in arms, shed when the stern conflict was over. Ere the "little earth," now set apart by private affection as the final rest-

ing place of his ashes, had been disturbed, loyal millions had consecrated the spot where the patriot soldier fell.

Such is the homage and such the award which a grateful country can never fail to pay to the memory of those who suffer and bleed on her behalf. The name and deeds of our fallen brother, identified with his country in her heroic struggle for life and cherished traditions, and hereafter to become historic, shall endure in honored remembrance, so long as patriotism and valor shall continue to be classed among the virtues of mankind.

This sad event presses upon us with peculiar emphasis. We are again most forcibly reminded how many and how great are the sacrifices made and being made to uphold the integrity of the government, and defend the institutions and liberties of our fathers. That of our late friend is but one of the thousands of valued and cherished lives which have been freely offered to the holy cause of the Union — to maintain the honor and empire of that flag which, amid all the vicissitudes that have attended the growth and fortunes of this people, by night and by day, at home and abroad, on the land and on the sea, has been the protector, equally of those who defend and those who now with wicked hands assail it. So, also, in the light reflected from those fearful and bitter experiences, the guilt and infamy of the rebellion are seen in deeper and blacker shadows. The faithful pen of history, a part of whose mission it will be to record the names of the heroic dead, whose blood, on the 9th of April, mingled with the soil of Louisiana, shall hand down this bloody conspiracy, by whose hand our brother perished, to the common and irreversible execration of mankind.

Let our enemies and the enemies of free government, at home and abroad, read in the unprecedented expenditure of blood and treasure in defense of threatened nationality, in the deeds of our brave and the endurance of our

people, the deep and earnest significance of our watchword and inspiration, "one country, one flag, one destiny."

Remarks of Hale Kingsley, Esq.

Mr. Chairman: A sense of duty bids me add my humble tribute of respect to the memory of the member of our profession, whose death has occasioned this meeting of the Albany Bar. I render this tribute in the sincerity of a sad and sorrowing heart.

For a brief period associated with him in business, and for many years proud to claim him as an intimate personal friend, I think I may say that outside of his own circle of relatives, none loved him more or knew him better than myself.

Others of our brethren have gone down to the grave, crowned with more professional honors; others have departed to the world beyond, who have achieved more distinction and reaped more emoluments from the contests of legal strife; but none have gone hence, never to return more, with a stronger claim upon our affections, our esteem and respect, or left a more honored memory to be cherished and preserved, than Lewis Benedict.

Possessed of a vigorous, strong intellect, highly nurtured and cultivated by a liberal education, his early years of practice in our profession gave promise of a life of distinguished usefulness at the bar. An almost intuitive knowledge of, and insight into, human nature, a rare faculty of reading the motives by which men were governed, combined with strong common sense and far-seeing judgment, peculiarly fitted him for becoming a brilliant ornament to the profession.

But an incident, of which only a few of his intimate

personal friends knew, made him careless of winning professional distinction and renown, and he loved not the profession for the pecuniary emoluments which it might have afforded him.

He therefore sought, in the contests of political life, if not its honors, the right and privilege of advocating and advancing those principles, the success of which would most surely tend to the promotion of his country's welfare and prosperity. The large vote cast for him, in excess of his party, when elected to the office of surrogate of this county, testifies how, thus early in his political career, he had won the popular heart by those manly qualities, which have since grown brighter and brighter as they have been tried in the fire.

The present unhappy war found him enjoying the generous confidence of the people of his native city, with ample means to make life pleasant and to be longed for, surrounded by a charming family circle of beloved and loving relatives, and possessed of a gentlemanly courtesy and breeding that were a passport to the best society of the land.

But full of love for the institutions of the land of his birth, actuated by the purest patriotism, and moved by a controlling sense of duty, he sacrificed all, as the sequel proved, to die for his country.

I need not speak of his military career, for his abilities, his patient endurance of suffering and hardship, his devoted patriotism, chivalrous courage, gallant daring and noble heroism, are household words in the city of his birth.

Oh! how I dreaded, when I first heard of the fatal battle in which he fell, that disaster would be his. I knew him so well. I had occasion to know, before the fire of battle proved it, how brave a heart he carried in his bosom. I knew that where duty called, or honors were

to be won in the service of his country, he would be no laggard. He fell, as I believed he would fall, if fall he must, with "his back to the field and his feet to the foe."

With a heart as kind, as gentle and loving as a woman's, ever open and responsive to every appeal for charity and sympathy, with a sense of honor as fine as ever found lodgment in a human bosom, he had a courage as cool, a spirit as chivalrous, a soul as brave as ever dwelt in mortal tenement.

Is it a wonder that such a man died for his country?

Blessed be his last sleep! Forever cherished, among us and the people with whom he lived, and in whose cause he died, be his memory!

The sad events of this war have taken from among the members of our profession many of the gifted, brave and devoted, whom we were wont to meet in fraternal relations. It may be that other sacrifices are called for, and that others still may find time to die for their country and the right. If this be so, he who is called will be fortunate indeed if he is only partially successful in emulating the virtues, the patriotism, the heroism, the courage and devotion of the lawyer whose memory we seek to perpetuate to-day — the soldier over whose bier has been fired the last volley — but whose name and fame will be ever warmly cherished by a grateful community.

Remarks of Isaac Edwards, Esq.

Mr. Chairman: We speak of the living with fearless criticism, in spite of the social temptation we are under to strengthen friendship, and conciliate opinion. But when we meet, as on this occasion, to commemorate the life and services of one who has but just entered into

the city of the dead, our natural reverence subdues the haste of speech, that seems not inappropriate on ordinary occasions.

We all knew Col. Lewis Benedict, most of us for many years, and have ourselves witnessed his bearing in the profession, in business, political and social life. Every one, friend and foe, knew him as a frank, generous and brave man — one who combined in himself the elements of strength that attract attention and secure respect. Some of us in former years, doubtless, opposed him in political principle or action, and found in him a manly opponent, tenacious of opinion, and resolute and determined in the maintenance of those views of public policy which commended themselves to his judgment. We saw that he did not vacillate between conflicting opinions, and showed no misgivings of the popular favor. We saw that his character, like that of his father, was solid and firm, strong enough to stand steadfast, as the mast of a gallant ship on a storm-beaten sea.

Fairly to appreciate him, we have to bear in mind the outline of his life, the opinions he formed in early manhood, the changes since wrought in the public mind, the convictions which he entertained in common with those who succeeded in the general election of 1860, and the civil war which ensued and still desolates the land. So directly allied as we are to the past and intensely interested in the present, it is impossible for us here and now to think or speak with the candor and breadth of view that may be looked for in the coming years of rest and peace, which, I trust, lie not far beyond us in the future. This much, however, we know, from the magnitude of the struggle and the nature of the principles involved in it, whatever may be the precise issue of the present war, the influence of it will flow on through the history of the continent for a thousand years.

I will not now speak of the marks of confidence, the public offices of dignity and trust that were conferred upon the deceased — tokens of the estimation in which he was held in this community. Nor will I now dwell upon his enlightened and liberal sentiments, his genial manners, noble candor, and veracious spirit, qualities that sprang naturally from his large heart and vigorous brain.

Long before the war began, he was at the head of a military company, and everybody saw that he possessed qualities and habits that fitted him for command. Every man in the company claimed him as a friend, and was proud of him.

When the war broke upon us, the undaunted spirit of Col. Benedict rose to meet the occasion. He saw and felt that the Rebellion was set on foot to reverse and annul with the sword the solemn verdict of the American people, to uproot the foundations of the Government and destroy, utterly, the fair fabric of our institutions. He saw that it was to be a war of arms resting upon a war of opinion, a contest between proud and brave soldiers on either side; and he volunteered to bear his part in the struggle. He felt, as we all did, that the success of the Rebellion would dissolve the Union as with the touch of Ithuriel's spear, put an end to the peace and tranquility of our home-life so long enjoyed under the joint protection of a great people, and cashier the Republic from her high rank among the nations. We know that these thoughts, great and ennobling inspirations of duty, occupied his mind as he went forth to the service, and that he gave his life for his country. There are certainly other scenes of faithful service, and other trials of the courage and constancy of the citizen; but there is in these days no surer test of the human spirit than that which Lewis Benedict endured again, and again, on the field of battle; and it does not diminish our admiration

for him to know that hundreds and thousands of our young men have passed through the same ordeal, as gold tried by fire. We read short and imperfect details of the skirmish and the battle, at a distance from the scene of conflict; but we do not see the soldier marching into action, knowing that he may at any moment exchange the present for another life, advancing steadily upon the dread realities of life and death, upon whatever is most appalling, in the devilish enginery of modern war; and we can but slightly appreciate the stern trial of such an hour. Let us then honor these men, and count the heroism of him that fell at the head of his brigade as one of the titles to honor, which attach to the city of his birth and home.

Remarks of Hon. C. L. Austin.

Mr. Chairman: Esteeming myself among the humblest among the distinguished men whom I see around me, I would feel myself incapable of adding anything worthy of the occasion to the encomiums already passed upon the name and services of our deceased brother.

It seems to me, however, that there is a peculiar fitness in my adding, at least, the expression of my heartfelt concurrence in all that has been said of him. Four years ago we were competitors for the office which I have just vacated. In that competition it did not happen to him to be successful. It was for an office entirely and peculiarly belonging to our profession as members of the bar.

And as it would be folly for me to attempt to gild the refined gold of eulogy which has just been bestowed upon his character in the profession in which he has fallen a

martyr, it gives me the greater pleasure to speak of him in his character of judge and magistrate, which he held for several years among us.

In that office he was as bold and brave as he was in the field. With a strong instinct of justice to guide him, he was ever fearless in deciding the questions before him according to his sense of right.

I have seen the humble and undistinguished members of our profession contending before him with the strongest and the most honored, and in such contests no one had to fear that human respect, or the weight of professional reputation would turn the scales against a just cause, when held in the hands of Lewis Benedict as surrogate of the county of Albany. I do not approve the taste, sir, on occasions of this character of alluding to faults or to blemishes. Being mortals, we are none of us free from them. And I would not now mention the word, except for the purpose of saying that in him, such as he had, partook of the quality of virtue, because they were all swallowed up in his distinguishing characteristic of openness, manliness and courage.

That such a character entering into the military service of his country should have illustrated itself by bold and heroic action, by self-sacrifice, even unto death, was only to have been expected; and as I followed his body to its last resting place, on the last day of the term of that office for which, a few years before, we had contended against each other, I could not but reflect that the result of that rivalry, though, for the moment, an apparent reverse for him, had, like all reverses of which men of courage and conduct know how to make account, brought in the end a triumph for his name and memory in the respect and honor of the country.

The resolutions were then unanimously adopted, and the meeting adjourned.

ALBANY, *May 10th*, 1864.

MRS. LEWIS BENEDICT.

Dear Madam:

The Bar of the city, convened at the Capitol on the 7th instant, directed us, the Secretaries of the meeting, to present you with a copy of the enclosed Resolutions, expressing their high regard for your gifted, heroic and lamented son. In discharging this duty, permit us to add our sense of the public loss, and our profound personal sorrow to the burden of bereavement which must be so keenly felt in the home of COL. BENEDICT.

With great respect, we are,

Yours Truly,

GEORGE WOLFORD,
ISAAC EDWARDS.

SCHOHARIE COUNTY.

THE LATE COLONEL BENEDICT.

At a meeting of the Bar and citizens of Schoharie county, assembled at Cobleskill, on hearing of the death of the lamented COL. LEWIS BENEDICT, of Albany, Charles Holmes, Esq., was chosen Chairman, and N. Degraff, Esq., Secretary.

On motion, W. H. Young, G. W. Smith, D. W. Darrow, L. Cross, and A. Loucks, were appointed a Committee to report resolutions expressing the sense of this meeting.

H. Smith, Esq., of Albany, in appropriate remarks, recounted the social qualities, the legal acquirements, the

enviable positions, the personal sacrifices, patriotic devotion, and excellent traits of character of the deceased.

W. H. Young, from the committee, reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we have learned with sincere and profound regret of the death of Col. Lewis Benedict — late of the city of Albany — while at the head of his Brigade, bravely and gallantly leading his men forth to "battle for the cause of his country."

Resolved, That his cheerful sacrifice of the ease and luxuries of home, the society and associations of numerous personal and social friends, for the hardships and dangers of a soldier's life, bespeak for him an enviable position in the list of heroes. That his loss is a source of deep regret to his friends, his regiment, and country.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in our county papers, *Atlas and Argus*, and *Albany Evening Journal*.

Charles Holmes, Chairman.

N. Degraff, Secretary.

REGIMENTAL TRIBUTE.

At a meeting of the Officers of the 162d Regiment, N. Y. V. I., held, June 4, 1864, in camp, at Morganzia Bend, La., Resolutions were passed expressive of their high regard and respect for the character and memory of their deceased Colonel, Lewis Benedict, and tendering their condolence to his bereaved family.

The following officers were appointed a Committee, and instructed to communicate the Resolutions to the family and to cause them to be published in the Albany and New York papers.

Samuel Cowdrey, Capt. Co. I,	162d	N. Y. V. I.
J. W. Seaman, Capt. Co. D,	"	"
John H. Van Wyck, 1st Lieut. Co. G,	"	"

WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

Of the Annual Meeting of the Alumni in August, 1864, the Williams College Miscellany says: "The Alumni met on Tuesday morning, Hon. Thomas Colt in the chair. The obituary notices were read by the Secretary, and among the names who received the highest eulogies we notice those of Professor Emmons, of the class of 1818; Col. Benedict, of the class of 1837: Hon. John A. Walker, of the class of 1840; and Hon. Luther Bradish, of the class of 1804." President Andrews, of Marietta College, Ohio, Hon. Erastus C. Benedict, of New York, and Hon. James D. Colt, of Pittsfield, paid eloquent and touching tributes to the character of Col. Benedict and sketched his career during the war. Two of the speakers, drawing upon their memories, reproduced scenes and incidents of the days when he was an inmate of the college, that were intensely interesting.

On this occasion steps were taken toward the erection of a Monument to perpetuate the memory of the sons of Williams who had fallen in the war.

At the Annual Meeting of August, 1865, the Alumni held dedicatory services around the Monument, which was far advanced toward completion. Prayer was offered by President Hopkins and speeches were made by Hon. James D. Colt, of Pittsfield, Hon. Joseph White, of Williamstown, Judge Abm. B. Olin, of Washington, D. C. and Hon. Emory Washburn, of Worcester.

The Monument is of red sandstone and reflects the highest credit upon the taste and skill of the architect. It will be completed by placing upon it a bronze statue of a soldier.

ACTION BY THE PRESIDENT AND SENATE.

The President, on the recommendation of the Secretary at War, nominated, for Brevet Brigadier General, U. S. Volunteers:

"Colonel Lewis Benedict of the One Hundred and Sixty Second New York Volunteers, for gallant conduct at Port Hudson, Louisiana, to date from March 13, 1865."

This nomination was confirmed by the Senate, July 23, 1866.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, *Oct.* 14, 1864.

My Dear Colonel:

I knew COLONEL BENEDICT well and was near his Brigade when he fell. He died bravely and nobly, in a battle which was terrific in its progress, and where our success saved the army, the fleet, and gave us the continued possession of the Mississippi and New Orleans. Had we failed at Pleasant Hill, we could not have maintained our power with the loss of the army, and the fleet of gun-boats.

COLONEL BENEDICT did not die in vain; and the close of his career was as glorious as its progress had been upright and honorable.

We were, at once, upon making acquaintance with each other, on a confidential footing and I was often surprised and delighted with the general intelligence and knowledge of men which he always exhibited. I read, at the time of his death, the discourses pronounced at his funeral and by the Bar of which he was a member. They did no more than justice to the many virtues which distinguished him.

Very truly yours,

To COL. N. N. LU. DUDLEY. N. P. BANKS, M. G. C.

PORTLAND, ME., *July* 25, 1864.

My Dear Sir:

* * * I was quite intimate with your brother, COLONEL LEWIS BENEDICT, of the 162d N. Y. Regiment. He was under my command from August, 1863, until the time

of his death. I, like every one else who knew him, was exceedingly attracted by his social qualities, and I enjoyed his society extremely. I saw a great deal of him, during the winter of 1863-64, while I commanded at Franklin, La. At this time he commanded a Brigade in Brig. Gen. Emory's Division of the 19th Corps.

He retained command of this Brigade on the march from Franklin to Alexandria and Natchitoches, and commanded it in the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, April 8, 1864, and of Pleasant Hill, April 9, 1864. In the last named battle he was killed.

I know little of his conduct in the battle of the 8th of April. I do know, however, that his Brigade, which held the left of the line, was severely attacked by the enemy; that it behaved exceedingly well, entirely repulsing the attack, and that it held the ground until nightfall, when the battle ended. My position on that day prevented me from knowing any more than what I have told above.

On the 9th of April, at Pleasant Hill, his Brigade formed the left of Gen. Emory's line. He came to my Headquarters about 12 o'clock, M., to obtain permission from Gen. Emory and myself, to change the position of his line, indicating another, which, in his opinion, was stronger and safer. We agreed to the change, and he then left, and the change was made. In this new position his Brigade was attacked by the enemy, and after a gallant fight was driven back. It was, however, rallied very soon, returned to the fight, drove the enemy in turn, and did a great deal towards saving the day.

It is my impression that your brother was killed while his Brigade was advancing after he had succeeded in rallying it; but I am not certain of this, nor is it material now. What is certain, is, that he handled his Brigade well; that he fought it as well as it was possible to fight it, and that he died performing his duty like a noble soldier.

There was one universal expression of sorrow among all his comrades when it became certain that he was killed. He had endeared himself to all of them.

I am sorry that I am able to give you no more reminiscences of him. I have told you all that I now recollect, but events crowded on so fast just at the time your brother was killed, that I have doubtless forgotten much that I would otherwise have remembered.

Very Respectfully,
Your Obd't Serv't,
W. B. Franklin,
Maj. Gen. U. S. Vols.

Henry M. Benedict, Esq.,
Albany, N. Y.

H'd. Qrs. 19th A. C., Camp Russell, Va.,
Nov. 29, 1864.

Henry M. Benedict, Esq.,

Dear Sir:

We are still in the field, and I do not know that this campaign, unsurpassed for its activity, is yet ended. This has been, and is still, my excuse for not doing what has been nearest my heart,—writing some account of your brother, Col. Benedict, who fell under my command. I have not had, nor have I now, the opportunity to refer to the statistics of his military history. Under these circumstances you must forgive me for being brief.

Col. Benedict was honorably engaged in the siege of Port Hudson, where he exhibited his most distinguished military characteristic, personal courage. His first field service under me was during the Red River campaign, where, on account of his well known gallantry and high

character as an officer, I selected him to command a brigade. Of his noble and patriotic death I cannot speak in terms of too great admiration, although I am now too much engaged to give a detailed account of the circumstances under which it occurred.

He commanded the 3d Brigade, 1st Division 19th Army Corps, during the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, where we were brought into action after the 13th Corps and the cavalry had been routed; and he there aided in checking and driving back an overwhelming force of the enemy, flushed with temporary success. The next day, at Pleasant Hill, still in command of the same brigade of my division, he fell at the head of his men bearing the brunt of that bloody battle.

I am, my Dear Sir
Very truly yours,
W. H. Emory,
Brig. Gen.

Dover Mines, Goochland County, Va.,
March 15th, 1866.

Henry M. Benedict, Esq.,

Dear Sir:

* * * It gives me sincere pleasure to have an opportunity to express the high appreciation which I have of the character and services of your late lamented brother, whom it was my good fortune to meet often during our service in the Department of the Gulf.

He joined, to a high order of capacity and fine soldierly qualities, a warm heart and most genial manner, so that while he inspired confidence in his ability to command, he also gained the warm affection of those with whom he was associated.

His presence in the command always gave me both confidence and pleasure; and his death was to me the most saddening personal event of the campaign in which he fell. In this feeling I believe all in the Army of the Gulf participated.

With great respect,
I am, Dear Sir,
Yr. Mo. Obd't. Serv't,
CHAS. P. STONE.
Formerly Brig. Gen. and Chief of Staff,
Dept. of the Gulf.

PORTLAND, ME., *June* 29, 1864.

Sir:

* * * I did not see the Colonel myself after the enemy attacked. * * * In both actions, of Sabine Cross Roads and Pleasant Hill, COL. BENEDICT sent his orders to me by his Aides, and it was too dark during the first battle for me to see him. * * *

The 3d Brigade was in a hard position, with its left entirely unprotected. It received alone the full force of the Enemy's attack, which compelled it to fall back. The ground was very open and COL. BENEDICT much exposed. As the three other Regiments retreated towards the right, while I retreated towards the left, I could not see COL. B. and the remainder of the Brigade, and in the general advance it was difficult to distinguish anything. COL. BENEDICT was a most gallant soldier and fell in the thickest of the fight. He, with his Brigade, repulsed an attack on our left, at Sabine Cross Roads, and saved the army from being turned at that point.

My intercourse with your Brother was of the most agreeable character. When I first arrived in Franklin, La., he supplied me with a horse, accompanied me to a good camp ground, which he had previously chosen for my Reg't., and in various ways evidenced his forethought and care. Such attention was unexpected and pleasant, for, in my previous experience, I had always been left to find my own camp ground and everything else. Our acquaintance, thus happily begun, continued till we became good friends. I sympathize with you in your great loss.

I recollect that just as the enemy emerged from the woods, I looked around, and saw the Colonel sitting upon his horse, near the brow of the slope and by the side of his Brigade color. He was in full view of the whole attacking line of the enemy. The Brigade fell back over that slope. I did not see him afterwards, but understood that he fell somewhat in front and near the place where I last saw him.

I regret that I can give you no more explicit information.

I am very truly
Your Obd't. Servant,

HENRY M. BENEDICT. FRANCIS FESSENDEN.
Brig. Gen. U. S. V.

SARATOGA SPRINGS,
December 16, 1865.

HENRY M. BENEDICT, ESQ.

Dear Sir:

* * * I was well acquainted with your Brother before the War, but did not meet him in the Army until the advance on Alexandria, La., during the Red River Campaign in 1864.

On the march, he passed me several times on his way from the rear to the front, and, sometimes, when my command was marching on his flank, I had opportunities to converse with him for hours. He was commanding a Brigade of Infantry. He expressed himself very confident of success when speaking of the final result of the Union cause, but did not seem over sanguine as to that of the campaign.

After we left Alexandria, I did not see him until the morning after the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, when, by chance, he rode into my camp, at Pleasant Hill, about 2 A. M. I had received orders to saddle, and was taking my coffee when he came up to my fire and took breakfast with me. He gave me a full account of that fight, and said his men had behaved splendidly.

I left him at 4 o'clock that morning, and did not see him again until the afternoon when I saw him lifeless. He had been killed in his front line while repelling a charge of the enemy. He was greatly beloved by his men, and equally respected by his superiors in command. There was no braver man, no warmer friend, than Col. Lew. Benedict. He has joined the thousands who gave their lives for their country, and History, I trust, will do him justice; but, if it should not, he will receive it from many who saw him standing as a mark for the sharpshooters of the enemy, charging in three lines, and heard, above the roar of battle, his last words: "Steady, Boys! they must not pass this line! Charge!"

In that charge he fell.

I am, very Respectfully,
Your Obd't. Servt.,
Morgan H. Chrysler,
Col. 2d N. Y. Vet. Cav.,
and Bv't. Maj. Gen. U. S. V.

HEAD-QUARTERS EXCELSIOR (2ND) BRIGADE
4TH DIVISION, 2ND ARMY CORPS,
April 28th, 1864.

Dear Sir:

I was deeply pained yesterday to hear of the death of your brother COLONEL LEWIS BENEDICT.

I trust that the intimate relations which existed between the late Colonel and myself, during his term of service as Lieut. Colonel of my Regiment, will warrant me in expressing to yourself and the other members of your family, the sincere and heartfelt sympathy not only of myself, but of every officer and soldier in the 4th Regt. Excelsior Brigade in this hour of your affliction.

For more than a year, the late Colonel and myself were comrades in arms; frequently occupying the same tent, sleeping under the same blanket — during that time our relations were ever of the most kindly nature.

As a soldier he was brave and gallant — as a man, true in every relation of life — as a son, a brother, a citizen and friend. His many noble qualities of mind and heart, endeared him to all. He was an officer whose loss to the service is irreparable. His influence and exertions were always given to elevate the tone and standard of the Volunteer service in camp, while his patriotism and gallantry have been conspicuous in the field.

He has moistened with his life's blood the tree of Liberty.

May Almighty God grant that all the sons that have been given, and the blood which has been poured forth in the defence of our glorious flag may not have been given and shed in vain.

I am, Sir,
Very Respt'fy Yours,
WM. R. BREWSTER,
Col. Comd'g Brigade.

To E. A. BENEDICT, ESQ.,
New York.

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